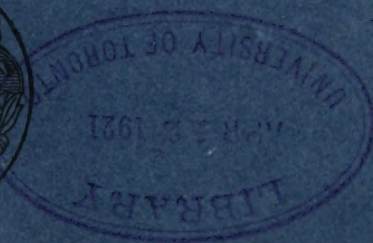


Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



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INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

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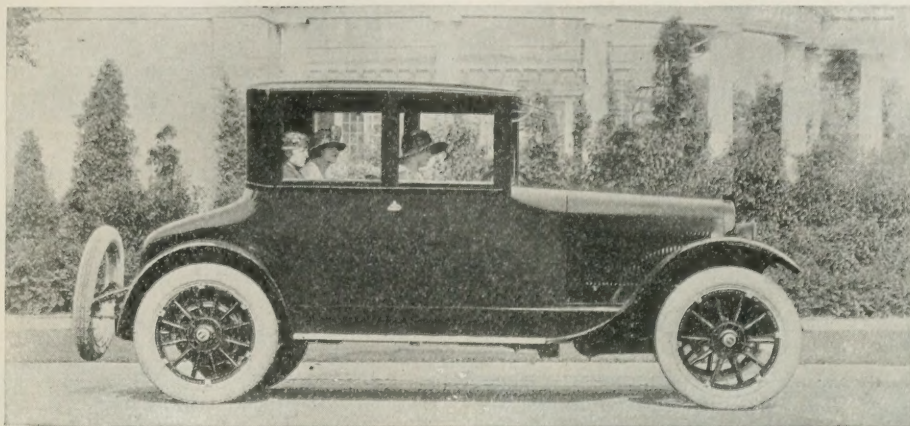
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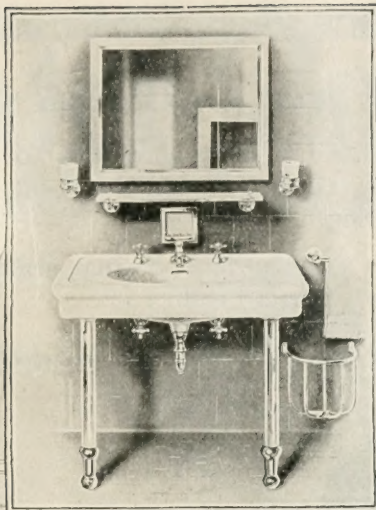
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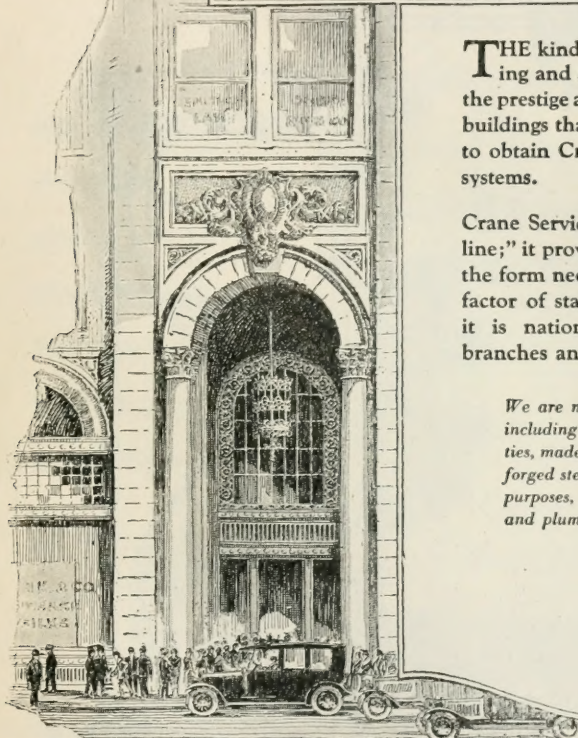
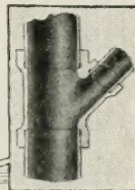
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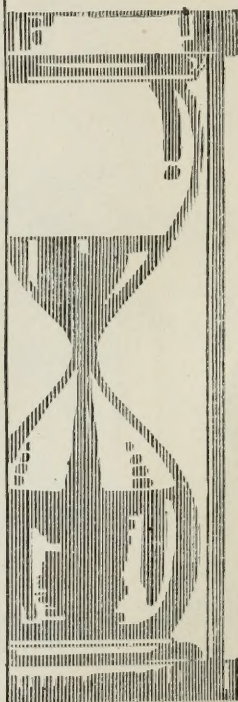
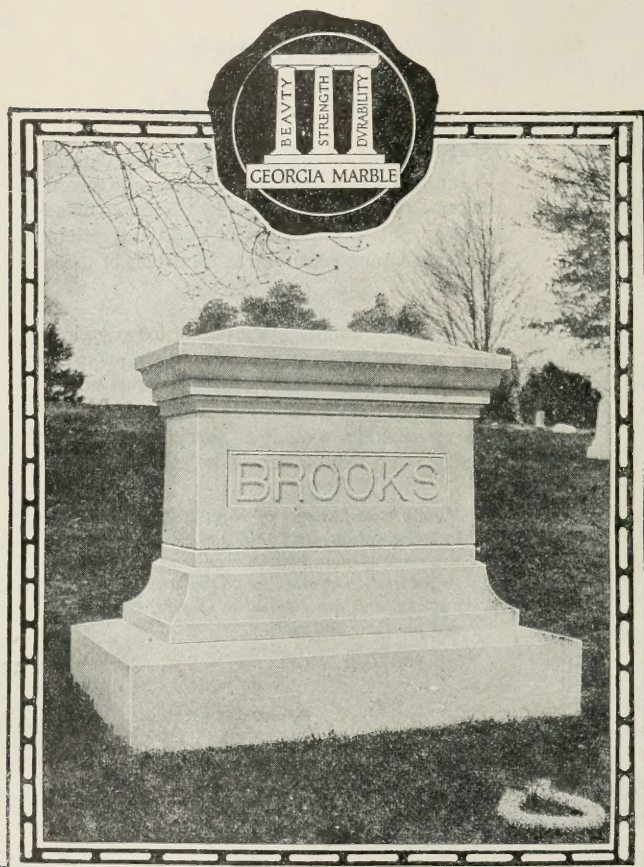
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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

DELFINA BUNGE DE GALVEZ—a daughter of Octavio Bunge, quondam justice of the supreme court, and a sister of the late Carlos Octavio Bunge, the distinguished publicist, sociologist and historian, and of Augusto and Alejandro Bunge, who have played no small part in Argentine affairs—was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and educated in the Colegio del Sagrado Corazón. She has prolonged the intellectual associations of her childhood and youth by her marriage with Manuel Gálvez, the well known man of letters. She early exhibited interest in literature, and, curiously enough, some of her first verses, published in magazines and newspapers, were in French. Her first volume of poems, *Simplement*, appeared in Paris in 1911. In 1913, she, in collaboration with her sister, Julia Bunge de Uranga, published *El arca de Noé*; in 1918, she issued a second book of verse in French, *La nouvelle moisson*, Buenos Aires; and later, she published *Historia y novena de Nuestra Señora de Lourdes*. Her writings have been commended by the critics.

HERMANN BEYER is a professor in the Facultad de Altos Estudios of the city of México.

JULIO JIMÉNEZ RUEDA is a young Mexican man of letters and diplomat.

RAÚL A. ORGAZ was born in Santiago, in the province of Santiago del Estero, Argentina, November 30, 1888; he was educated in the Universidad de Córdoba, being graduated with the degree of doctor of laws and social sciences; he then became a teacher, first, of language and literature in the Colegio de Córdoba, and, later, of commercial geography in the Colegio de Comercio, and, in 1917, of sociology in the Universidad de Córdoba. He is the author of numerous articles, pamphlets and books on sociological, historical and legal subjects.

JUAN MANUEL POLAR was born in Arequipa, Perú, in 1863; he is a good illustration of the self-educated man, as his

intellectual attainments are the result, in the main, of his own effort and wide reading; from his youth he has enjoyed a reputation as a man of letters; he is the author of a number of poems and of many dramas and stories; he has written much upon the regional legends. He resides in Arequipa.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES was born in Río Seco, in the province of Córdoba, Argentina, June 13, 1874, and he was educated there and in the Colegio Nacional de Córdoba. At the age of sixteen, he began his career as a journalist on the staff of *El Interior*, conducted by Figueroa Alcorta, who later became president of Argentina. In 1895, he went to Buenos Aires and joined the staff of the newspaper *El Tiempo*; later, he was employed in the national postal and telegraph service, finally reaching the positions of inspector and inspector-general; after 1900, he was made inspector of secondary and normal education, and, finally, acting inspector-general. In 1906, he traveled widely in Europe, and he at length settled in Paris, establishing there in 1914 *Le Revue Sudaméricaine*, which, after the publication of seven numbers, was interrupted by the outbreak of the war. About the end of 1914, he returned to Argentina, and he was made director of the Biblioteca Nacional de Profesores. Afterward he became professor of esthetics in the Universidad Nacional de La Plata. He is a charter member of the Academia Nacional de Ciencias of Córdoba, and he is engaged in a great variety of intellectual, social and philanthropic enterprises. For bibliography, see INTER-AMERICA, Biographical Data, December, 1920, page 72.

ÁNGEL L. SOJO is a lawyer and a doctor of jurisprudence; he was born in the province of Buenos Aires and educated there, receiving his degree from the Universidad de Buenos Aires. After teaching some time in the secondary schools, he established himself in Buenos Aires, where he now exercises his profession as a lawyer.

REGARDING REALISM

BY

DELFINA BUNGE DE GÁLVEZ

If, as a royal personage of wise speech but unwise conduct once said, the correcting of a misconception or the overcoming of a prejudice is attended by a sense of positive delight, this article ought to occasion not a little pleasure. Misconceptions, like wisdom teeth, produce no satisfaction, and they usually cause trouble and are difficult to eradicate. One of the most common and persistent of northern misconceptions is that of deeming southern women unintellectual. The author of this article discusses one of the tritest and most vexatious of modern subjects in a manner so frank, so fresh and so sane that not only will she open the eyes of the cherishers of hoary misconceptions and prejudices, but she will put them to the blush, if they are in any wise sensitive; for here she discusses "realism" and its relation to truth and to "idealism" in so able and sound a manner as to attain an impressive degree of finality.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE INNER SENSE

WHEN an author shows us the depths of an individual's soul, he may then make him utter frivolities or trivial phrases. They will always seem significant to the reader that knows the source whence they come.

The words of a person that we know acquire for us a meaning that they would not have in the mouth of another that is an entire stranger to us; and they would have even less, if we heard them from a phonograph. Every word, however unsubstantial it may be, has, at the moment of utterance, its particular life or character, according as the look, the voice, the tone with which it is uttered be regarded.

What will be done then by the novelist that desires to transcribe it with absolute exactitude? It will not be enough to repeat it like a graphophone or to write it as a typist does; and in this consists the difference between a machine and an artist. The machine will give us merely the word; the artist, its inner meaning; and he will accomplish the miracle of making the reader *see* the look that accompanies it, *hear* the timbre of the voice.

In order to accomplish this, the artist must make us *feel* the soul of the person, however frivolous it may be: he must make us feel especially the *sympathy* or *antipathy* that emanates from it and which the author may be able to communicate

to it, and even the environment that surrounds it.

Even so, an excessive preoccupation with realism and objectivism will always be an obstacle to obtaining this result. In the anxiety not to show their own feelings, some authors are given to hiding completely those of their protagonists; and in the desire to show us the real appearance, or rather the *apparent* reality, of things, they hide from us under a mass of description their true reality: their *inner sense*.

II

EXACTITUDE IN NOVELS

When an author leaves the innermost part of the life or soul of his protagonists in its absolute secrecy and mystery and brings together in all their baldness only the common scenes and phrases to show them to the public, he betrays his own personages and he offers a *parody* of life, bereft of its true and moral sense.

This happens very frequently with certain authors that select for their narratives a very frivolous social environment, which they design to paint with thorough exactitude. In this endeavor and because of a poorly understood conception of exactitude, they are guilty of falsehood. In I know not what effort of frivolity and literature or rather of ill comprehended objectivity, they achieve not a portrait of society but a parody or phantasm of it.

In setting down with too much exactitude the phrases, the trivial dialogues, one sins, first of all, *against exactitude*; so that we might say that in literature an excess

of exactitude is opposed to exactitude; is contrary to the truth. Its direct result is a photographic lie; for there is a moral reality to which one is untrue, if he portray words and forms without permitting even to be suspected the spirit whence they spring, which would give them their true value and meaning, and by presenting them separately, that is, *robbed of their internal interest*.

So, if I have said before that authors too deeply concerned with objectivism, by dint of hiding their own souls, hide also those of their heroes, I may now add that by reproducing in all its frivolity a frivolous environment they show themselves to be more frivolous than the environment they describe. Through not wishing to *judge* of the superficiality they portray, they easily complicate themselves with it.

III

THE REPRODUCTION OF THE ENVIRONMENT

In describing a frivolous environment, an author is not necessarily compelled to be frivolous, that is, to describe it frivolously.

A frivolous environment may very well be painted with profundity; and a profound spirit is even necessary to make us feel all the superficiality of certain environments.

I would almost say that the painting of certain surroundings ought to be attempted only by profound authors, for the very reason that in them the spirit is usually very deeply hidden, so that one must descend to the depths in order to find it.

On the other hand, authors inclined to concern themselves exclusively with externals ought to choose the means fullest of character and depth. Only they can stand a purely superficial and impressionistic description, without being falsified, because that character and that depth reach there to the surface itself; and one would have to be completely blind not to see them.

IV

THE TRUE PORTRAIT

Another craving for exactitude in certain novelists, which causes them to become guilty of a true *lack of reality*, is the desire

to describe everything minutely. If they take us into a room, we must not only see all the furniture that adorns it, but also the insignificant peculiarities of each piece of this furniture, even the grains of dust that lurk among its moldings. This does not happen in reality. Let us challenge the most observing of men to describe to us the hat that he wears every day with the minuteness and *the realism* with which Flaubert describes the cap of little Bovary. Do we perhaps see in reality all that this or that "realistic" writer wishes us to see at a single glance?

In order to see thus, we should have to make a particular study of each object, just as the author that gave us the description was obliged to do. Hence we have here a departure from reality. It would be real in a scene in a waiting-room, for example, where, for lack of anything better to do, the protagonist would begin—and the reader with him—this idle study of indifferent objects.

More realism is achieved at times by the less "realistic" author: the one who, without entering into a minute description of details, which only tends perhaps to diminish our impression of the whole, makes us feel the environment in his own way. Thus we are made to feel by the poets, who do not cease to be real merely because they are idealistic. Without reality, without forms, without images, there is no poetry.

What, however, is an image? A felicitous and poetic image is *the true portrait of an object*, or even of an idea, if it be possible to represent an idea objectively. It is the true portrait of an object, because it portrays not only its external aspect, but also, in a certain manner, its meaning, its soul.

This is just *the opposite of the photographic falsehood*, of which an ill-conceived realism is wont to be guilty.

V

THE FALSEHOODS OF REALISM

There are in the results of an excessive realism and exactitude an inevitable disproportion and injustice: an injustice in despite of the spirit, that is, of man and of

life; for it is impossible in a work of art to show, to make real, all the spirit that abides in things, since spirit and all that relates to it are in themselves mysterious and but slightly accessible to the senses. The artist *can not* make entirely visible the invisible, that which is so easily *felt* and so difficult to reproduce; and, on the other hand, he can reproduce appearances *exactly*, photographically, and the more defective they are the more easily he will do so. Behold, therefore, the *disproportion* and the *injustice*: there has been a perfect reproduction of the defective, what there is of the mean on the surface of things; and a very incomplete one of the soul and the beauty they may contain.

Thus we come to what we might call the *falsehoods of realism*. This excessive realism has profaned things: it has taken delight in imperfections, without giving due attention to the spirit that purifies or ennobles: that is, this realism falsifies, because it gives the whole place and all the importance to material things and to the defective appearances of moral subjects. If the importance they possess be great, realism exaggerates it. It falsifies because it gives us half a truth, and a half truth is almost always a lie. It gives us the apparent truth, and it withholds from us the spiritual truth of everything.

The romantics fell into the contrary vice: their lyric falsehood was perhaps more innocent than that of "calling bread bread and wine wine," without remembering that this bread and this wine might contain the body and blood of Christ. On the other hand, I have always believed that a photograph, in order to be just, ought to "favor" the person photographed; that it ought to add a little harmony and physical beauty in compensation for all it withholds, for all that of which it robs the living person. For where lurks that "personal magnetism," that life of movement, which may so much beautify the human countenance? Rarely does a photograph give back aught of this . . . and only the photograph of a perfectly beautiful woman is just.

I shall be told at this point that in keeping silent regarding hidden beauties, the same thing happens to the uglinesses re-

garding which one is reticent. Whether it be ugliness or beauty, I mean to say that it is necessary to return to the spirit its importance, which an excessive realism robs it of by giving too great a place to the material and visible detail.

I mean to say that, in order to be *just*, a realistic writer must not take pleasure in the description of appearances, but in the *proportionate measure* in accordance with which it is given to him to reproduce the invisible or make it felt; and I would even insist that he ought to exaggerate the hidden beauty and goodness, in order not to present to us the reverse of the medal as the whole medal. . . . For I also insist that it is easier to reproduce the defectiveness of things than their beauty or their goodness.

VI

THE NOBLE MISSION OF REALISM

It is clear that by reproducing artistically, marvelously, the appearance of things one may also cause to be felt what is invisible in them, and the inner spirit that the exterior so often discloses; and this would be the masterpiece of realism: to be able to discover the *spiritual appearance* of things, and not merely their physical appearance; not to fall into the vice of portraying looks or even words in their purely perceptible phase: but that each look and word shall be, as they are in *real life*, representatives of something invisible . . . and indescribable. I mean by this that the mission of realism would be to discover *the face and the expressions of the spirit, the form of ideas*; and thus revealing to us these deep and hidden things, their descriptions would be only *apparently* of appearances, of looks and forms, and in reality they would be of the spiritual and the hidden.

Seeking examples that will make clear all that I have said, there occur, in the first place, to my memory—and this is readily comprehensible—*La maestra normal* and *El mal metafísico*,¹ books with which I am so well acquainted. . . .

¹On reaching this point, many will smile, perhaps mockingly—I also shall smile—and others, more

I need not speak of *El solar de la raza*, by the same author, because it is not a novel, and by appealing to it, I should perhaps depart from the theme. Nevertheless, I may say in passing that, although it is not a novel, it does not cease to be a realistic book. Also it might serve me as a model, for in it the stones and the streets, although they lose naught of their material appearance, seem—thanks to the idealism that prevails in the description—to change, or to be, at one and the same time, spiritual highways, “roads to perfection,” that are to lead us to the “inner castle,” to the intimate abode of the true idealism.

I shall even say that, in descriptions like those of *El solar de la raza*, idealism favors realism and is its best aid. For just as the aspect of things is wont to give us a clear idea of their spirit, so also the spirit of them—well understood—can contribute to causing their physical aspect to be more sharply drawn to our eyes. The aspect of those cities seems to us to be seen with greater clearness and their external beauty to be better engraved on our imagination because the author shows them to us through the spirit that informs them; while we should succeed with difficulty in seeing aught of their real aspect, if his objective description were entirely wanting in idealism.

However, in *El solar de la raza*, the excellence of the themes and the significance of the places described seem to contribute of themselves to the idealism of the book,

serious, will consider it “improper” that I make comment on these books, which is almost as if I should speak of my own. I do it, however, with entire sincerity . . . and for very simple reasons, as I should also speak of my own, if the case were to arise. When estimates are expressed upon literary subjects, it is necessary to prove affirmations by examples. Here you have the reason of my choice: I must speak of that with which I am acquainted; and, not being a reader of novels, my field in which to glean is not very extensive. Yet more; I confess that these are perhaps the only novels read by me that correspond to what I said farther back. On the other hand, when one writes for the love of ideas, these ideas and all that may render them clear are what are of importance. I should consider it futile on my part to hesitate because of a smile or of a commentary more or less.—AUTHOR’S NOTE.

The works mentioned above, by Manuel Gálvez, were analyzed in the article entitled “Manuel Gálvez and the National Novel in Argentina,” published in the February, 1921, number of INTER-AMERICA, page 168.—THE EDITOR.

and by their own strength to have taken possession of the author’s soul.

Therefore, I must refer rather to those other books in which the author treads more common paths, and cities less beautiful. . . . Since these are more characteristically realistic, the defects and the excellences proper to realism can be better observed in them.

We shall find in them, in one and another passage, that defect of excessive realism that consists, as I see it, in the excess of the place and importance given to material objects and forms, to the prejudice of the spirit. Side by side with these accidental defects, however, we shall appreciate in the same books the noble effort of realism: the effort, it may be said, of the things themselves, which, without seeking to cease to be what they are or to rob themselves of their power or vulgar appearance, do not despair of showing us the soul they contain; and they succeed in doing so efficaciously.

So, in the descriptions of provincial environments and towns—whether in La Rioja or in his native city (see *Sendero de humildad*)—with such poor elements as the forlorn plaza of a dusty village or a gathering of vulgar people, the author is wont to convey to us a strong impression, romantic and sentimental, or melancholy and poetic.

We then feel that in those plazas the light of the moon has been accumulating for years and night by night, and that it has become sweetened and more permeating because it was never dislodged by other and indiscreet lights. . . . We knew that there the perfume of the orange-trees is not as elsewhere, but that it has impregnated the earth and the walls of the meager houses and the tiles of the courts. We feel also that the dreams of so many girls, who have been occupied with dreams alone, have created by their perennial melancholy the very air of that town, of those streets, where will not die the echo of the *tristes*² and *vidalitas*,³ or of the strings

²*Triste* is a lyrical composition of a mystical tone, sung to the accompaniment of the guitar by the gauchos of Argentina and the country people of Perú: it is said to have been introduced into Argentina by the Jesuits of Paraguay. See INTER-AMERICA, volume 11, April, 1919, page 203.—THE EDITOR.

³Argentine folk songs, composed typically of hexa,

of the guitar, since there have come no other opposing noises to break the harmony left by their notes in the silence of the city. . . .

El mal metafísico will afford us, on the other hand, an example of how, under the description of a frivolous environment, we may be made to feel a deep emotion. The same is true of the leave-taking on the steamer and the tea in Lita's house, where the environment is formed of trivial elements: some girls, some worldly young men, a rhapsody of Liszt's played on the piano, a song—"Ninon, Ninon, que fais-tu de la vie?"—the poverty-stricken poet with his mean but well cared for garments. Note that it is not only the great and irrepressible emotion of the poet that deeply impresses us, but also, under the brief and almost insignificant words of Lita, and under her appearance of an artless and distinguished girl, is conveyed to us the pure emotion of her girl's soul with all the delicate mystery that surrounds it.

Here, as on many other pages of this novel—the same as on others of *La maestra normal*—realism has abandoned its object. We see that no detail, no indication of objects or attitudes is superfluous, for realism in small things has contributed to the portrayal of the inner truth. While the poet remains in Lita's presence, we can not forget how much it cost him to fix himself up decently, how he brushed his clothes, and all this makes his situation much more appealing. We rejoice at this moment that Olmos's boots should be becoming to his feet, and we are stirred at thought of that cologne water of Cata y Nacha's, for we know that, thanks to all this, in spite of his having felt *déplacé* in that aristocratic environment, the poor Riga can now enjoy a few moments of felicity and dreams. . . . Thus things speak for themselves, and their appearance alone becomes so expressive that we read in them as we read joy or sorrow in a beloved face.

We feel then that this is a realism of a syllabic verses, not unlike the *tristes* of Argentina and Perú or the Ecuadorian *yaravies*, and of a sad and sentimental character. For discussion and specimens of music and verses, see *Historia de la literatura argentina*, by Ricardo Rojas, volume I, page 198 and following.—THE EDITOR.

high order, for external things do not conceal the life of the spirit, but, on the contrary, they have demonstrated it to us with an eloquence at once humble and true, which is proper, as in real life.

Yes; just as it happens in real life, where at times an infinitesimal material detail, an insignificant occurrence on which no one comments but which all perceive, a single look, a simple word, determines our emotion; and it is because this word, this look, this breeze that passed, has arrived with such opportuneness that it has been made, as it were, the form and exact expression of that of which we had vaguely felt.

VII

IDEALISTIC REALISM

It is also a custom to impart to the word "realism" a false concept by applying it merely to things that are low or only slightly noble, as if what is pure and beautiful has no right to be considered reality, and as if there existed truths of no other kind than such as lower human dignity.

The tendency that causes us to believe that idealism is opposed to reality, that of those who do not wish to admit that there can be any reality in books that portray disinterested acts and very pure souls, is the same one that makes certain critics exclaim with enthusiasm: "This book, indeed, is sincere!" for the simple reason that in it are confessed . . . unconfessable sentiments.

All this springs from a low conception of life and of men.

In general, especially with reference to books by women, it is a custom to attribute to them the merit of sincerity in proportion to the lack of modesty that is to be observed in them. . . . Let us run, for example, through the anthology of French poetesses by Seché, in which the verses of each are preceded by a brief biography wherein are quoted the opinions of divers critics. In proportion as emphasis is laid on the sincerity of a certain authoress, we know immediately what to look for, and we divine the nature of the verses.

Such critics speak as if it were an established thing that shame—that natural instinct of the pure soul, that cleanness of

heart that permeates even to the exterior—must be at strife with sincerity. It seems, when we hear them, as if sincerity—so easy and agreeable for one that has nothing to hide!—could not be practised except precisely by those that ought to conceal certain things; as if sincerity were the privilege of turbid or complex souls, of tormented spirits and of passions but slightly spiritual; and as if persons with simple and clean souls could not be sincere.

It is as if a brook should be told that it is not sufficiently clear, because at its bottom are to be seen no reptiles nor even certain undefinable vines; as if this vegetation and those reptiles ought necessarily to exist! In the same way, all that is good, pure, noble, is assumed to be opposed to *realism*. (If we are to believe deep philosophers, the good, the noble and the pure is precisely the only thing that has a *real* existence, a *true being*, since the rest is but the absence or the negation of such qualities, just as cold is the absence of heat, and darkness the absence of light). In short, according to these conceptions, it might be said that a mirror is not a mirror when it reflects beautiful faces, but that it only tells the truth when it reveals blotches and wrinkles.

Come and welcome realism; however, let it be a realism that does not cause diminution of ideals, but, rather, one that shows things under their double reality, and that places the apparent reality at the service of another reality, more beautiful, more profound, more true and . . . *more real*.

Masters have already explained, on the other hand, that *realism* and *impurity* are not synonymous: but as this confusion persists in the minds of many, it will not be

superfluous to recall again some examples in which these two conditions are observed quite separately.

So d'Annunzio, of whom I do not know a line, but to whom we all hear allusions, is far from being a realistic writer in his novels. His art seems to belong to a conventional conception of life, and, nevertheless, I understand that he is capable of scandalizing his least scrupulous readers. . . . We might say as much of a great part of the work of Anatole France, who verges on impurity as much as he departs from realism.

There are, on the other hand, other realistic, and even naturalistic, books, the reading of which causes no one to blush. I could cite here some works of Pardo Bazán's, of Pérez Galdós's and even one work of Zola's—*Le rêve*—a novel in which the author did not renounce his naturalism and in which he did renounce all *the rest*. . . . So also Daudet and Maupassant are wont to be, in certain narratives, pure and at the same time realistic.

Why seek so many examples? We have at hand a complex and multiple art, an art twenty centuries old, which has never failed to be realistic, and which is the *pure art*, par excellence: that is, Christian art. So there is no art more filled with truth in its double realism of the good and the bad, and in its double material and spiritual realism. If, on the one hand, it paints sin and all the miseries of life in their sad reality; on the other hand, it reveals to us the very beautiful truths of sanctity. The truth of the condemned by no means obscures there the truth of the innocent; and if its bleeding Christs are terribly realistic, it is precisely in them and through them that emphasis is given to the Supreme Idealism.



MEXICAN ARCHÆOLOGY

BY

HERMANN BEYER

México is the most interesting country of the New World, topographically, botanically, archæologically, ethnologically and architecturally. This assertion, although bald and superlative, and made in the presence of twenty-one independent and therefore, in a proper sense, rival nations, can not offend, for the simple reason that it is incontestable, like an affirmation in favor of the superior qualities of solar light and heat, the wetness of water or the utility of money. It is so incontestable that it is commonplace. No student or traveler that is acquainted with the American countries will question it for a moment; and if any other doubt, let him obey the nobly authorized injunction: "Come and see."

México has lost many of her archæological treasures, through neglect, vandalism, theft and foreign cupidity, and yet more of them still lie hidden under the ground, in all probability; nevertheless, in spite of her losses and in spite of her willingness to leave something unexplored to tempt the curiosity of future generations, she has, already accumulated and preserved in the Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Historia y Etnografía, a collection of which any people might and would be proud.

From this vast and interesting storehouse, the author of these two sketches brings forth two strange, much-handled instruments, fraught with mystery and hallowed by tribal usage and devotion, and he describes them in a way that will interest those that are not so bent on looking forward as to be unwilling ever to look backward.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE "TEMALÁCATL": (THE STONE OF THE GLADIATORIAL SACRIFICE)

A FEW days ago, as I entered the court of the Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Historia y Etnografía, my attention was attracted by an object that I had not observed before. It was a monolithic sculpture in the shape of a mill-stone, decorated on its upper and its lateral surfaces. In reality, it was a piece that had only recently been sent to the museum as a gift made by the former inspector-general and curator of archæological monuments, señor Leopoldo Batres.

This stone is not one of the many objects of little interest for the uninitiated that fill the halls of the establishment as evidences of a vanished and incomprehensible civilization, but it is an extraordinarily important relic of the past. It is the only authentic specimen of a *temalácatl*, that is, the stone of the gladiatorial sacrifice of the ancient Mexicans, that exists.

It seems that until now the peculiar character of this archæological object was not recognized, because the ticket of the museum classified it as "Tlachtemalácatl (A Ball Game)."

That the piece in question ought not to be classified as the stone of a ball game

is evident for several reasons. These works of handicraft, the annular stones of the *tlachtli*, always have a foot or stem with which they were set in the walls. In the specimens exhibited in the hall of monoliths, this detail is not to be clearly observed, because this part of them is broken: a fact that is explained precisely by their shape as a projection. Nevertheless, in every case there remain vestiges of the place where the stem began. In Huexotla, near Texcoco, and in Tepeaca, I have indeed seen disks of the ball game that still preserve this part intact. On the other hand, the new stone is entirely round, and it shows no indication of ever having had a projection.

The stones of the *tlachtli*, fixed at some elevation in the wall, were visible on the two sides, and consequently they were carved on the two surfaces. The Batres stone, on the contrary, has no relief on its base, which is very natural in a stone that lay with this side on the ground.

In like manner, taking the piece as a sacrificial stone, the bar that passed through the hole in the middle served to retain the cord with which the captive was tied; and there is no need then to form the hypothesis of an incomplete perforation.

Of the *temalácatl* there exist several ancient pictorial representations, of which I reproduce some in the accompanying

cuts.¹ We see in them, well drawn, the disk or wheel of stone, with its perforation in the center, whence ran a rope or cord that prevented the prisoner from escaping. In one of the figures given here, even the transverse bar is painted.

The victim is attacked by an *ocelotl*,² or tiger warrior, armed with a sharp *macana*,³ while the unhappy captive can only defend himself with a stick adorned with tufts of feathers, instead of knives of obsidian.

The *temalácatl* was placed upon a base or platform, in order that the gladiatorial combat might be seen by many people. In truth, the conventional representation of this stone came to be the hieroglyph of *tianquiztli* or market, because in the small cities it was a characteristic of the town plaza. In México-Tenochitlán, it was situated within the area of the great temple; and we have a small schematic drawing of it that enables us to make out the base, with its steps, and the stone in the form of a circle, from the center of which issued a torrent of blood, along with the rope ornamented with white feathers.

In this case, the *temalácatl* bears no ornamentation; but in the other figures it is embellished with rings and concentric circles. This same simple motive appears also on the surface and side of our disk. Besides, the upper surface has a typical representation of the Aztec sun with its rays with a curved base and the hangings of *chalchibuitl*, which are familiar to us from so many ancient monuments and paintings.

It remains for us to explain the figure in the form of a cross that appears in the middle of the rings of the lateral compartments, which, four in number, surround the disk. The branches of the cross terminate in two points, as is the case of the symbolic ornaments of the god Xipe Jotec. That the figure really has been

employed in our *temalácatl* as an emblem of that god is beyond doubt, because Xipe was the patron of the feast of Tlacaxipehualiztli, "the flaying of men," in which the gladiatorial combat was enacted. For this reason his image appears in the background of the picture, and the captive himself wears the same insignia.

By means of the evidences just set forth I think I have proved with sufficient clearness that the stone recently given to the museum was not employed in antiquity for the ball game, but for the mournful purpose of serving in the gladiatorial combat.

The dimensions of the object are: the diameter of the disk that forms the upper surface, ninety-two centimeters; that of the central perforation in the disk, between twenty-one and twenty-two centimeters; and the height of the piece itself, twenty-three centimeters.

II

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS: "THE SONAJA" (RATTLE OF BONE)

Among the instruments with which the Mexicans made music in pre-Columbian times, was the very curious one that will be the object of this brief article. This piece of handiwork was a bone or horn with notches on one side, and it was taken in the left hand, while with the other it was rubbed with a shell or shoulder-blade, thus making it "sound very sad," as an ancient author said. The Mexican name of this strange instrument was *omichicabuaqtli*, from *omill*, "bone," and *chicabuaqtli*, "with which one is made strong," in allusion to a pagan belief.

Not only have several specimens of these objects been preserved in different museums, but even to-day some tribes of México and southern United States employ a very similar instrument in their ceremonies, that is, a walking-stick with notches, which is scraped with a shoulder-blade or another stick.⁴ (The Tarahumares, Pápagos, Hopis, et cetera). The

¹The original article was illustrated with a number of cuts, to which reference was made in the text.—THE EDITOR.

²The Náhuatl word from which the English form "ocelot," was derived.—THE EDITOR.

³An offensive weapon shaped somewhat like a cricket bat with a knob at the small end, made of hard wood and edged with slivers of obsidian or of flint.—THE EDITOR.

⁴A similar native instrument is in use in Puerto Rico: it is a slender, well seasoned, notched gourd that is rasped by a sort of bow made of wire bent in the form of an ellipse, with the two ends fastened into a wooden handle.—THE EDITOR.

Huicholes still use the same kind of bone instrument.

In our Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Historia y Etnología, there exist perfect specimens and several fragments that came from the excavations made by the señor Leopoldo Batres in the ancient Calle de Escalerillas. This museum has possessed for a long time a *sonaja* made of a fossil bone, which is reproduced here. It is a rib that has notches on its concave side, while the other is ornamented with a carved decoration. The entire bone is made into a rattlesnake, one end of which forms the head of the reptile and on the other is a conventional representation of the rattles.

Another specimen made from a rib of a *manatí*⁵ is to be found in the Museo Nazionale d'Antropologia e Etnologia of Florence, Italy, and it has been described by a learned Italian, Doctor Callegari.

However, ordinarily our instrument of the prehistoric times was made of the long bones of the extremities. Thus, we have a magnificent specimen that belongs to the private collection of the señor F. Dorenberg. It is a human femur, on one side of which is a carved head with symbols: according to Seller, "the soul of the dead warrior."

The manner of using the *omichicabauztli* is well understood when a genuine representation, such as the one I have taken from a pictorial codex, is examined. In this drawing, a goddess has in one hand the striated bone, and in the other a white object, which is the shoulder-blade. The bone *sonaja* is on a skull that rests on the flat side of a small wooden wheel. This skull evidently serves as a sounding-board.

Finally, I give in other figures the bone and the shoulder-blade of a deer that are used by the Huichol Indians of the Sierra del Nayarit.⁶

⁵Manatus, "sea-cow:" a pisciform mammal, some five meters long, with a round head, a short neck, a thick body, a velvety, ash-colored hide from three to four centimeters thick. It lives along the tropical eastern shores of America; it is herbivorous; and its flesh and grease are highly esteemed.—THE EDITOR.

⁶In what was formerly the territory of Tepic, México: now the state of Nayarit.—THE EDITOR.

The traveler Lumholtz describes its use, in his *Unknown Mexico*, in the following words:

It is considered an efficacious accompaniment to the hunting song, and is often used, the noise being thought to decoy the deer into the snare. The shoulder-blade is held with the right hand by the spine and rubbed against the notched bone held in the left hand.⁷

The same ethnologist writes of a similar instrument, but made of wood, in use among the Tarahumares:

As soon as the shaman has seated himself, he takes a round drinking-gourd, and by pressing its rim firmly into the soil and turning the vessel round, makes a circular mark. . . .

The gourd may be replaced by a wooden vessel of similar shape; but in any case it is firmly planted in the ground to serve as a resonator for the musical instrument—the notched stick, which the shaman leans against the vessel, and on which with another stick he rasps an accompaniment to his songs. . . .

The shaman holds the notched stick in his left hand, a little away from himself, so that it touches the vessel at a point below the middle of its length, the part between the shaman's hand and the point of contact being a little longer than the portion from that point to the end of the stick. . . .

When the shaman begins to rasp, he starts from the farther end of the notched stick, though not quite at the point, and runs his rasping-stick quickly and evenly, about twenty-six times, toward himself, and away again; then he makes three long strokes down and outward, each time throwing out his arm at full length, and holding the stick for a second high up toward the east. This is repeated three times, and is the prelude to the ceremony. Now he begins to sing, accompanying himself with even strokes on the notched stick, playing regularly, one stroke as long and as fast as the other, always first toward himself, then down again.⁸

⁷Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico*, New York, 1902, volume II, page 155. We have taken the quotation directly from the English original, rather than retranslate from the Spanish version.—THE EDITOR.

⁸Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico*, New York, 1902, volume I, pages 365, 366 and 367.—THE EDITOR.

JOSÉ S. ÁLVAREZ¹

BY

MARIANO JOAQUÍN LORENTE

When the alert and thoughtful visitor goes to Buenos Aires, his mind will at once become a blur, and then he will probably be impressed by things and people in the following order: the tremendous potency and upward trend of the materialities; the vigor, buoyancy, pride, hopefulness and daring of the people; the imperial quality of the civic conception—the streets, the plazas, the parks, the buildings; the Colón theater; the Jockey club and the hippodrome; the Sociedad Rural Argentina and the cattle show; two great newspapers and a startlingly artistic magazine; San Martín, Sarmiento, Alberdi, Mitre; and about this time, especially if he have the good fortune to fall into the hands of the honorable guild of journalistic and literary craftsmen, "Fray Mocho," that is, José S. Álvarez, of cherished memory and enduring fame.

Here you have "Fray Mocho," drawn to the life, with all his original whimsicality, his genial good humor, his sense of fairness and his patience with his fellows, whose excellences and foibles he knew how to search out with discernment and describe with masterly pen.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN I became acquainted with him, José S. Álvarez was at the beginning of his journalistic career and already at the height of his literary faculties and his fame.

Publisher as he was at that time of the only review of its kind, there came to him continually the petitions of aspiring *littérateurs*² and social snobs,³ who had need of *Caras y Caretas* to make known their important personalities. However, many more were those that surrounded him as friends and admirers, from those that called him "señor Álvarez" or "don José," to those intimate friends for whom he was simply "Mocho."

They gathered in his office to hear him talk, for the Mocho was a natural *causeur*² with a marvelous gift of speech and an enormous stock³ of stories. In relating them, Álvarez showed such power of observation, such penetrating genius and such kindly good humor, that the most inveterate conversationists (and it must be recognized that there are such in the Latin countries) maintained a reverent silence.

Life had not been prodigal toward Ál-

várez, and although he breathed *bonhomie*² from every pore, it could easily be divined at sight of him that he had tasted gall and vinegar oftener than milk and honey. He had just rounded out forty years, and even then, however, his black hair—that hair black and unyielding toward the comb and brush—had begun to turn white, and even his mustache of ample proportions revealed some threads of white amid the black silk.

His spacious brow was furrowed, not with the vertical lines of the abstract thinker or inventor, but with a series of horizontal lines, a series of pentagrams that gave out a sad melody. Thick eyebrows shadowed his black and somewhat prominent eyes. They were not the dreamy eyes of the prophet; they had, rather, the alert and observing gaze of the man that is sensitive to everything that surrounds him.

He had full cheeks, but his cheek-bones did not project. His nose, after a slight depression in front, continued, straight and regular, until it terminated in a curve sharply cut at the tip. The lines that united his nose with the sutures of his mouth gave an impression of austerity. The latter, well proportioned to the rest of his face, was almost hidden by the mustache, which left exposed to view only a small portion of the lower lip that was neither thin nor thick. The point of his chin was well chiseled and somewhat sharp, with its prominence accentuated by a suggestion of double chin; his skin, dark and somewhat pitted by early small-

¹On the occasion of the recent celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the death of the sparkling, exquisite and unforgettable writer, and in honor of his memory, we reproduce this notable article, in which has been painted with strokes truly masterly the personality of "Fray Mocho," so spiritual and full of kindness.

²French in the original.—THE EDITOR.

³English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

pox. He possessed a decidedly virile head, the head of a man of observation and alertness, with a certain air of severity in its suggestiveness.

When he spoke, his expression was illuminated by good humor, and his face shone with the pleasure he found in his own words; for the Mocho was as much pleased as his audience with the magic art he employed in telling his stories of *gauchos*, *alorrantes*, *gringos*⁴ and policemen.

The dialect of Buenos Aires in his mouth, with the inflections that his melodious voice imparted to it, acquired a charm of its own. In speaking, he had the natural fluidity of one who dominates the language and has facts on the tip of his tongue; besides, as is frequent among the Latins, he accompanied his talk with looks at times inimitable. Nevertheless, from time to time he was obliged to stop to take breath, a certain indication that his lungs did not work any too well. This became more apparent when he stood up and walked about the room.

He was of medium stature, well set up, and he held himself erect, except for a certain drooping of the right shoulder, which gave him somewhat the appearance of a ship with a list. This drooping of the shoulder indicated clearly the disease that afflicted him. Poor Mocho! He was condemned to a premature death, but although he knew it, it did not worry him greatly. He was a sportsman⁵ by nature and so much disposed to look on the bright side of things that more than once he laughed at his own danger.

Perhaps because of his amiability, Álvarez did not wish ever to take part in revolutions or in politics, while devoting

⁴*Gauchos*: the traditional cowboys of the Argentine pampa, usually creoles, now almost extinct; *alorrantes*: an Argentinism descriptive of foreign "tramps" that wander about the city of Buenos Aires, homeless, ill clad and hungry; *gringos*: used throughout Hispanic America with a meaning that varies according to the region: in México, Central America and the Caribbean countries, it is usually applied to the blond peoples—those from the United States, Great Britain or the north of continental Europe—on the west coast of South America, it may be applied in the same way or it may include Italians or be merely indicative of foreigners; while in Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, it is often equivalent to Italians or Spaniards, particularly Galicians and Catalanes.—THE EDITOR.

⁵English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

himself, on the other hand, to the ungrateful tasks of teaching. After several years he abandoned this enslaving profession and became a journalist, working at odd jobs on several *Bonaerensian*⁶ newspapers. From journalism he went to a position in the police department of Buenos Aires, and from there, by mere accident to the directorship of *Caras y Caretas*.

When Eustaquio Pellicer and Manuel Mayol conceived the idea of publishing a weekly review, they naturally desired to make it as widely known as possible, and to this end they decided to choose an Argentine as director. It must be borne in mind that both are Spaniards, the former from Burgos and the latter from Andalucía—the land of "María Santísima." Pellicer is a brilliant writer, and at that time he was on the staff of *La Nación*; Mayol, an artist, had published caricatures for many years under the pseudonym of "Heráclito" in *Don Quijote*, a mordant political journal, very popular in Buenos Aires in those days, and directed by Eduardo Sojo, alias "Demócrito," also an artist.

In spite of their being widely known in Buenos Aires, Pellicer and Mayol concluded that if the projected review appeared under their names only, it would become popular with the Spanish colony and thus it would lack the national character they desired to impress upon it. Therefore they selected as the director and founder don Bartolomé Mitre y Vedia: a wise selection, as he was the oldest son of General don Bartolomé Mitre, the former president of the republic, who defeated General Urquiza at Pavón and led the victorious armies of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay in the conquest of Paraguay. The general's son was a talented journalist and a very popular man, known in Buenos Aires by the affectionate name of "Bartolito." The review therefore could not have been better sponsored.

The old general and ex-president seems

⁶Formed from the Spanish adjective *bonaerense*, indicative of an inhabitant of Buenos Aires or whatever pertains to that city. Surely the time has come when the English language should be enriched by an adjective descriptive of the fourth city of America in point of inhabitants, and one of the first cities of the world in wealth, progressiveness, beauty and promise.—THE EDITOR.

to have disapproved of his son's becoming the director of a review that was certainly going to have a hard struggle for existence. Bartolito, in spite of his forty odd years, was, without doubt, an obedient son, for in the first number of *Caras y Caretas*—which appeared twenty years ago—he resigned his position as director, owing to “unexpected circumstances.”

There was not the least mention of his successor, whose name appeared on the cover, along with the names of Pellicer and Mayol, thus: “José S. Álvarez, director.”

Who was this Álvarez? Why was he appointed director? No one knew him, and probably no one was interested in him.

The first number of *Caras y Caretas* had Mitre y Vedia's valedictory; a comic article by Pellicer; two superb caricatures by Mayol; a photograph and biographical account of a “distinguished family;” several sections of current events illustrated with photographs; and, at the end, on the last page and signed by “Fray Mocho,” a delightful literary sketch of a Basque milkman, a type very common at the time in the streets of Buenos Aires, but one that has now entirely disappeared.

Who was that Fray Mocho? At that time, merely an unknown person, like the director Álvarez, and it occurred to no one to associate the two names. However, it happened that, while it did not matter to any one who Álvarez was, since nothing appeared signed by him, Fray Mocho became a popular writer, and so much so that it is reasonable to think that to his pen *Caras y Caretas* owes its long life.

During the five years in which Álvarez directed the review, Fray Mocho did not cease to contribute an article a week. The Basque milkman was followed by an Italian ambulatory vender of sausages and then by a procession of *vigilantes*⁷ and robbers,

⁷Night-watchmen, public or private guards, not unlike the *serenos* of Spain, whose very name is replete with suggestiveness, the word *sereno*, “serene,” clinging to such a watchman and porter from the fact that his vocational predecessors were wont to cry the hours at intervals during the night, and add: “*Todo sereno!*” “All serene,” corresponding to our “All's well!” One sees in Rio de Janeiro, on the fronts of many of the private houses, a small, inconspicuous metal plate, with the initials “V. N.,” *vigilancia nocturna*, to indicate that the house is subject to “nocturnal vigilance” or under the supervision of private watchmen.—THE EDITOR.

countrymen and clerks, seamstresses and maid-servants, *gauchos*, and fishermen, coachmen, shepherds and drovers, the whole motley stratum that constituted the lower classes of Buenos Aires and made it picturesque in the extreme. They were all portrayed with an art and precision that was to be found only in the rogues of Cervantes. They are preserved in the pages of *Caras y Caretas*, just as one would have found them in the streets of Buenos Aires. If, however, Fray Mocho was a master in portraiture, he showed himself to be no less an artist in presenting the conversations of his personages in a language full of the savage metaphors, piquant subtleties and repartees so characteristic of the Latins.

Up to that time, Argentine authors—with the exception of Estanislao del Campo, with his masterpiece *Fausto*—had despised the incalculable store of native material that they had at the end of their noses, to devote themselves to writing in imitation of the decadent French or Spanish. Fray Mocho's work had the wholesome effect of opening their eyes. He created a school that we may denominate *creole*. A whole host of writers hastened to follow his good example. Some of them did excellent work, but not one approached the master.

When *Caras y Caretas* had become definitely established, Fray Mocho ascended, to the great delight of his readers, from the types of the street to representatives of the middle and higher classes, exposing all their vices, pettinesses and weaknesses; but he did it with the kindly good humor that was characteristic of him, so that no one took offense.

There is a story about the Mocho that shows his kindness and good humor. During one of his numerous attacks of heart disease, a friend of his made an effort to secure the position that the Mocho held at that time in the municipal government. They assured him that as soon as the latter should die, the position would be his. It happened, however, that, contrary to all expectations, the Mocho continued to live, and he returned to his office.

So great was the disappointment of his friend, that, far from concealing his dis-

gust, he showed his chagrin to the point of refusing to recognize the Mocho in the future. The Mocho was too much of a man to be troubled by the affair; on the contrary, he thought it opportune to make a jest of it, and one day, when he chanced upon his ex-friend, he began upon him in his dry way, saying:

"But, my friend, I am very much distressed by what occurred. What would you have? It was not my fault. I did all that was possible, only that cursed physician, who had already killed so many

people, did not wish to let me die. Cheer up, friend; you certainly will have better luck next time!"

Álvarez died at the age of forty-five, in spite of being treated by the best physicians in Buenos Aires, where no one was reconciled to his loss and where none remained to fill his place. For the Mocho was and still is one of the great Argentine writers, not only because of his style, but also because he has painted Argentine life with marvelous fidelity, brilliant coloring and inimitable good humor.



SPAIN IN AMERICA

BY

MARIO RIBAS

Our policy is to draw upon all the resources of the occidental mind; to cull from every people, from every type and class and tendency of this our western world; to reproduce impartially, honestly, nothing omitting, nothing concealing, nothing altering, in order that each nation and each author, as far as possible, may find here a medium of expression. We, naturally, do not agree with all we translate and publish; that is, we deem partial, transitory and unilateral many utterances that assume to be final. Nevertheless, we aid in disseminating them, from the conviction that out of the multiplicity and variety and contradictoriness of opinions and points of view and standards, the truth will ultimately be disclosed.

This article is a case in point. It is frankly a paean to Spain, the mother of colonics, the historically glorious, and it is of a character of which few thoughtful Spaniards even would approve. Spain, the Spanish conquerors, the Spanish colonizers, the Spanish ecclesiastics, the Spanish colonial policy and the Spanish sovereigns, according to this author, were incomparable, superlative, all good and generous and noble. Without in the least discussing his attitude or the merits of the case—for those that are wise will understand, and time will tell, in any event—we consider that an occasional article of this kind serves a good purpose in tending to offset other articles that we have published—some of them ultra-critical of the Spanish mother-country—as well as the unnumbered injustices that have been done her in the name of patriotism, history and Anglo-Saxon and north-European prejudice.—THE EDITOR.

UPON the initiative of the Unión Iberoamericana, vigorously supported by magnanimous King Alfonso XIII and ardently seconded by the peoples of South America, there is celebrated, year after year, the solemnity known as the "Festival of the Race." On that day, even the few who, in the discourses of September 15,¹ are wont to find occasion to become rabid against the "despotic colonial domination," generously put aside their wrath and participate actively in the festivities by which Spain and America manifest their regard for each other and devote an affectionate recollection to the grandiose work of civilization accomplished in the New World by the Spanish conquerors.

The Spanish flag disappeared from the American continent as the emblem of dominion; but Spain lives and will live in the hearts of Hispano-Americans, who, with the passing of the years, feel welling up in their breasts every day, with more and more ardor, their love for the mother-country that gave them their blood, their culture and their civilization.

The work of Spain has not had and will not have an equivalent in the history of mankind. To discover a new world is not precisely the greatest thing that

Spain did: her master work, her sublime work, was the implanting of civilization, her colonizing labor, the transmission of her culture and the establishment of institutions so free and so advanced that, if indeed they may to-day, in the full light of the twentieth century, appear somewhat antiquated, they were, at that period and in those circumstances, at least a century in advance of their time.

Spain did not conquer to destroy or to exploit: she conquered to civilize, to colonize, to redeem. Let it not be said that there existed a civilization in America when the Spaniards arrived; for peoples may not be termed civilized that had as a religious rite the sacrifice of human lives, and that immolated daily hundreds of victims in the presence of the scores of fetishes that represented as many different gods.

Spain discovered, civilized and colonized the New World; and in their work of regeneration the conquerors had worthy collaborators in the Spanish ecclesiastics that accompanied them: obscure heroes who, overcoming frightful sufferings and indescribable privations, penetrated into the heart of the continent, alone and unarmed, in order to carry to the Indians the moral and spiritual education that was to regenerate them.

In 1524, Friar Pedro de Gante (Peter of Ghent) founded in México the first schools and opened the first churches; in

¹The independence day of México and Central America.—THE EDITOR.

1535,² Bishop Zumárraga³ had already brought from Spain a printing-press on which was printed in 1536⁴ the first book published in America; and by 1538⁵ there were printed in México books in Spanish and in twelve Indian dialects to facilitate the education of the aborigines. On that same press was struck off in 1548 the first music printed in the New World; by the end of 1540 the Spaniards had already founded several industrial and agricultural schools in the colonial centers, in many of which, be it said in passing, there exist none to-day, in the year of grace 1920. In 1579,⁶ was founded the university of México, and in 1633 was begun the publication of *El Mercurio Volante*, the first newspaper printed on this continent.

The first newspaper of the world appeared in Germany in 1615; the second, in England in 1622; the third, in Spain in 1623; and the fourth, in México, under Spanish rule, in 1633, more than a century before newspapers were known in the English colonies of the north!

In 1532, the conquerors founded the city of Puebla with thirty-three Spaniards; but by the year 1668, the population already exceeded 82,000.

So, in every place where the Spaniards established themselves, they constructed cities and opened churches and schools, set up printing-presses and published books, and, instead of their devoting themselves to the extermination of the aboriginal races, after the manner of other conquering nations that arrived later, the Spaniards came in token of peace, in small

parties, instructing, educating and aiding the natives, and limiting themselves to self-defense when they were attacked by hostile tribes, as, for example, in the case of the historic Acoma. If any cases of ill-treatment of the Indians came to the knowledge of the Spanish authorities, the guilty were punished with all severity. It is painful to note that some historians, in speaking of the treatment that certain conquerors received on their return to Spain, refer to it as "ingratitude on the part of Spain;" when, in reality, it was no more than the punishment that the crown of Spain applied to those that had maltreated the natives of the New World, contrary to orders.

The sixteenth century was a century of heroism for the Spanish conquerors: a century of glory and splendor, of abnegation and grandeur; a sublime century for the Spanish name. Parties of valiant men that came in small vessels to the unknown shores buried themselves in the interior of the dark continent, carrying in one hand the cross, and in the other the standard of the Catholic sovereigns. Alvaro Núñez Cabeza de Vaca⁷ left Florida with only four companions and he wandered for nine long years lost in the deserts of what is to-day the United States until he reached the coast of the Pacific.

Following Hernán Cortés, some explored and settled the Mexican territory, Texas, Colorado, New México and Arizona, while others went toward the south to discover and colonize new regions. Juan Ponce de León discovered Puerto Rico and then colonized Florida; Hernando de Soto discovered the Mississippi River in 1541; in the same year, Jerónimo Dortal and Diego de Ordaz reached Colombia and Venezuela; later, Juan de Oñate explored California and founded the city of San Francisco. Vicente Yáñez Pinzón, one of Columbus's companions and the soul of the expedition that discovered America on October 14, 1492, went toward the south and discovered Brazil in 1499; while Vasco Núñez de Balboa crossed the isthmus of Panamá and discovered the Pacific ocean, over which were to pass afterward Pizarro and

²The author is a trifle optimistic as to the antiquity of the date. Had he consulted such scrupulous bibliographers as Medina, García Icazbalceta and Menéndez y Pelayo, he probably would not have ventured to assign a year prior to 1537.—THE EDITOR.

³Friar Juan de Zumárraga, a Spanish Franciscan of the sixteenth century and the first bishop of México: it is probably going too far to say that he brought the first printing-press from Spain.—THE EDITOR.

⁴A study of the documents presented by the bibliographers mentioned above leads to the conclusion that the first book published in America is to be credited to 1537, while the first extant work was published in 1539.—THE EDITOR.

⁵The whole question as to what books were published in 1538 is problematic, and a dogmatic statement regarding it is out of place.—THE EDITOR.

⁶The first university of México—the Universidad de San Pablo—was founded in 1551.—THE EDITOR.

⁷An oversight, of course: the author had in mind Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca.—THE EDITOR.

Valdivia, the conquerors of Perú and Chile. Andrés Ocampo, Fernando de Alarcón, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo and Francisco Vásquez de Coronado explored and colonized Arizona and the coasts of the Pacific. Gil González Dávila conquered Nicaragua in 1523; in 1524, Pedro de Alvarado conquered Guatemala; in 1526, Francisco de Montijo established himself in Yucatán, while Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada began to colonize Nueva Granada.

In 1520, there set forth from Spain an expedition under the command of Juan Sebastián de Elcano and Fernando de Magalhães⁸ (the latter of Portuguese origin, but in the service of Spain, where he had established himself); they discovered Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn, Magalhães dying a few days later; whereupon Elcano christened the famous strait with the name of his companion, put to sea with his handful of brave Spaniards and circumnavigated the earth, returning to Spain in 1523, after a voyage of three years, which he spent in the accomplishment of a thitherto undreamed of achievement.

It would be unjust to fail to mention, among the many Spanish heroes that contributed to the discovery and settlement of the New World, the numerous ecclesiastics sent by Spain to coöperate with the conquerors: Friar Pedro de Gante, Friar Juan de Padilla, Friar Marcos de Niza, Friar Francisco de Pareja, Bishop Zumárraga, Friar Antonio de Arqueaga, Friar Luis de Escalona, Friar Agustín Rodríguez, Friar Francisco López, Friar Juan de Santa María, Friar Ascención de Zárate, Friar Jerónimo de la Llana, and a hundred others besides, who scattered throughout

the heart of the New World with no other arms than their faith and with no other object than that of doing good. The names of all of them have figured in history as glories of Spain, glories of the Catholic church, glories of humanity.

In recalling this splendid past, in thinking of what the colonization of the vast continent, inhabited in many places by hostile Indians, signified in that epoch; in turning our eyes toward those three caravels that reached the American shores on October 12, 1492, for the first time; in thinking of how much Spain did and how much she bestowed in colonizing and civilizing the New World, there are no words to express the grandeur of her work. Spain did what she could: she gave the best she had. If her work was not perfect, "it was the fault of the times and not that of Spain;" but not on this account is Spain less great, less noble, less sublime.

This "Festival of the Race," which all Spanish America is joyfully celebrating, is the tribute rendered to the exalted mother-country by twenty⁹ peoples that speak, pray and think in her language. It is an affectionate embrace between the mother-country and her daughters of the American continent, given across the seas. It is the voice of race, the voice of blood. It is America that salutes immortal Spain!

Would that the enthusiasm that is aroused every year by the celebration of the "Festival of the Race" might be translated into a relation, every day more intimate and more cordial, between the nations of America and Spain, and that the spiritual union of the Hispano-American race might soon become a beautiful reality!

⁸Fernão de Magalhães: following our custom of adhering to the correct spelling of names, according to the language of the persons that have borne or that bear them, we use the Portuguese form, instead of the English Magellan.—THE EDITOR.

⁹The author assumes that the twenty so-called Latin-American peoples of America "speak, pray and think in her language," that is, the language of Spain; he quite overlooks the fact that the official language of Brazil is Portuguese, and that of Haiti, French.—THE EDITOR.



THE PRESIDENTS OF ARGENTINA

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTION

Moved by the suggestiveness of October 12—what a happy coincidence that the Argentine presidential inaugural should fall on so historic and auspicious a day!—the author mentions an interesting and valuable history of the presidents of Argentina, and from it he gathers and presents much timely information, all of which tends to emphasize an important truth—the distinctly civilian character of the Argentine people—and to afford encouragement and comfort to such as believe in democracy and in the wisdom of the people in the selection of their highest rulers.—THE EDITOR.

MANY persons say to themselves: "Why was the twelfth of October designated as inaugural day in Argentina?" There is, in truth, no official antecedent in any law or governmental regulation that explains it.

October twelfth was hit upon in the chronological succession of events, and nothing more!

Following back the traces of this detail of our political organization, we have come on the only history of the Argentine presidents that has been written, down to the present time,¹ the work of a professional journalist and, in consequence, one that overflows with useful and curious information.

We note in this history, for example, that Argentina has had sixteen presidents and that our presidential régime extends over sixty-six years of continuous application. In France, during the fifty years of the republic, there have been eleven presidents.

What, however, must occasion not a little surprise among those that are unacquainted with the origin of Argentine democracy is the fact that the presidents of our country have not been, as is the common opinion in Europe regarding South Americans, military men elevated by the multitude and imposed by force of arms after a barrack revolution and bloodshed.

It is merely necessary to contemplate the brilliant and select body presented by our presidents in order to comprehend the source of the material, social and intellectual progress of which we may boast to-day.

Argentina has had only three military

presidents, and what soldiers they were! Urquiza, Mitre, Roca!

On the other hand, eleven have been lawyers, doctors of jurisprudence: Derqui, Avellaneda, Juárez Celman, Pellegrini, Luis and Roque Sáenz Peña, Uriburu, Quintana, Figueroa Alcorta, Plaza and Irigoyen.²

There remain two that bore no title—university or military; but what a happy occurrence! They were the two most eminent statesmen of America:³ Rivadavia and Sarmiento.

²The following are the full names and terms of the Argentine presidents:

Bernadino Rivadavia, 1826-1827
General Justo José de Urquiza, 1854-1860
Doctor Santiago Derqui, 1860-1861
General Bartolomé Mitre, 1862-1868
Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, 1868-1874
Doctor Nicolás Avellaneda, 1874-1880
General Julio A. Roca, 1880-1886, 1898-1904
Doctor Miguel Juárez Celman, 1886-1890
Doctor Carlos Pellegrini, 1890-1892
Doctor Luis Sáenz Peña, 1892-1895
Doctor José Evaristo Uriburu, 1895-1898
Doctor Manuel Quintana, 1904-1906
Doctor José Figueroa Alcorta, 1906-1910
Doctor Roque Sáenz Peña, 1910-1914
Doctor Victorino de la Plaza, 1914-1916
Doctor Hipólito Irigoyen, 1916-1922

The long period of twenty-seven years between the presidency of Rivadavia and that of General Urquiza was covered by the tyranny of Manuel Ortiz de Rosas. Regarding him, see INTER-AMERICA, February, 1918, page 131, note 1.—THE EDITOR.

³In justice to the writer of the article, it should be said that in South America the term "American" is quite often synonymous with South America or what in the United States is vulgarly called "Latin America." Here, indeed, is a Roland for our Oliver; and our southern neighbors will have to match our assumption—that "America" is included in the United States—several hundred thousand times before they have evened the score. A good lady of Tucumán inquired of the editor, who was in attendance on the Argentine centenary in that city in 1916, as to how long he had been in America; and when he replied jocularly, "Some forty-odd years," she countered with, "Oh, I thought you had only recently come to America," meaning, of course, South America or Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

¹Ismael Bucich Escobar: *Los presidentes argentinos (1826-1918)*, a volume of 272 pages, with portraits.

Since the adoption of the constitution, there have been twelve presidential elections. If the number of first magistrates is greater than the number of elections, this is because some of the vice-presidents have had to assume charge because of the resignation, death, et cetera, of some of the presidents.

Of the sixteen presidents, seven were *porteños*⁴ and nine, provincials. Rivadavia, Mitre, Pellegrini, both of the Sáenz Peñas and Quintana were *porteños*, and Doctor Irigoyen also is from Buenos Aires. The Cordobans occupied the second place, with Derqui, Juárez Celman and Figueroa Alcorta. Two of the presidents were from Tucumán: Roca, who served for two terms, and Avellaneda. From Salta also there were two—Uriburu and Plaza—each of whom entered the presidency by virtue of being vice-president. Finally, there were Urquiza, from Entre Ríos; and Sarmiento, from San Juan.

The presidents that filled out their full terms of six years were: Urquiza, Mitre, Sarmiento, Avellaneda and Roca, in his two terms.

Rivadavia, Derqui, Juárez Celman and Luis Sáenz Peña resigned office; Quintana and Roque Sáenz Peña died in office.

With Urquiza was elected as vice-president Doctor Salvador María del Carril; with Derqui, General Pedernera; with Mitre, Doctor Marcos Paz, who died while serving as provisional president; with Sarmiento, Adolfo Alsino; with Roca (1880-1886), don Francisco Madero; with Juárez Celman, Doctor Pellegrini; with Luis Sáenz Peña, Doctor Uriburu; with Roca (1898-1904), Doctor Quirno Costa; with Quintana, Doctor Figueroa Alcorta; with Roque Sáenz Peña, Doctor de la Plaza; and with Irigoyen, Doctor Pelagio Luna.

Four of the vice-presidents ascended to the presidency, for one or another reason: Pellegrini, Uriburu, Figueroa Alcorta and Plaza.

⁴An adjective derived from *puerto*, "port," in this case, Buenos Aires, so that the word *porteño*, as generally used, is equivalent to *Bonaerensian* (see page 217, note 6).—THE EDITOR.

Of all the citizens that have exercised the first magistracy of the country, only one is living: Doctor Figueroa Alcorta.

The one that has decreed the most laws that affect the affairs of the provinces is the present president, who has left no puppet with its head on. Figueroa Alcorta comes next to him in this respect.

Rivadavia was the one that governed the shortest time: one year, four months and twenty days. Quintana, who came next, exercised the presidency for one year, four months and twenty-nine days; then came Derqui, with one year and six months; Pellegrini, with two years and one month; Luis Sáenz Peña, with two years and four months.

Quintana was the only president that did not change a single minister during his administration.

With the exception of Urquiza, who served only in the legislature of his province, the other presidents served in the national congress, either before or after their presidential terms.

Going back to the origin of the presidents, let us say that all were native Argentines and the sons of native Argentines, with the exception of Pellegrini, whose father was French.

How interesting and instructive is the knowledge of our political past! The book that enables us to trace this synthetic picture of those that have been our presidents devotes many pages to each of them, as well as to the vice-presidents and the ministers, whose names it rescues from the oblivion that was already beginning to swallow them up, along with their great and wise acts of government.

We Argentines, who look always toward the future, ought to devote a day every year, at least, to the contemplation of the road already traveled. No day would be more appropriate than the twelfth of October, which marks the dividing line between the great administrative strata, between the ebb and flow of democratic ideals, between the movement of events and of men.

WITH A GREAT MAN OF LETTERS

BY

JULIO JIMÉNEZ RUEDA

A young man of letters, journalist, diplomat—begging the pardon of the honorable fraternity of ambassadors, ministers, *chargés d'affaires*, secretaries and others concerned, for this order of presentation, in harmony with the chronological sequence of events—goes to make a first call, with pleasing discourse regarding his anticipations and the impressions he receives along the way, upon a veteran man of letters, historian, diplomat and publicist. They at once strike fire, and friendship begins to glow upon the ancestral hearth. The author gives us some of the sparks.—THE EDITOR.

HERE I am in the republic of Uruguay, in two high representative capacities, one of them diplomatic and the other literary and artistic, and with a great and strong desire: that of exercising both with enthusiasm and efficiency. Fortunately for me, the undertaking upon which I am entering begins under excellent auspices. To Nervo¹ is devoted a reverent and genuine homage. In a very short time, he aroused deep and sincere sympathy. His name is associated here with another eminent one, that of José Enrique Rodó,² an association that does not seem

unnatural, in truth, to any Mexican heart that has been steeped, from the days of the preparatory school, in the limpid doctrinal waters of the author of *Ariel*.

My first care has been to salute Doctor don Juan Zorilla de San Martín,³ a name dear also to the men of letters and the people of México.

I am going this afternoon, which already heralds the spring,⁴ out along the shore, without the city, to a place that offers solace during the scorching hours of summer. With a genuine spiritual throb, I traverse the streets that throng with a lively multitude: a very bazaar of furs, a world of beautiful faces, Parisian gowns worn with elegance and grace by adorable forms, a parade of silhouettes that attract the gaze of the traveler, surprised to find along the route so much of the charming, so much of the debonair and so much of the *chic*. However, this is not the time to be spinning yarns about the boulevard. The poet of the epic, more American than national, will soon speak to us of his life and

¹Amado Nervo, who may be regarded as one of the leading modern poets of the Spanish world, was born in the territory of Tepic (now the state of Nayarit), México, August 24, 1870. He studied in the seminary of Jacona, where he learned Latin and read many mystical books. He began his career as a writer by contributing to *El Correo de la Tarde* of Mazatlán; and in 1894, he became known in the press of the city of México. He achieved popularity by his poem written on the first anniversary of the death of Gutiérrez Nájera (1896). Later, he traveled in Europe, and he became acquainted with Rubén Darío and Justo Sierra in Paris. He returned to México after 1900 and he taught school there for a while. In 1905, he entered the career of diplomacy, and he spent most of the time between that year and 1918 in Madrid, where he was *chargé d'affaires* and secretary of the Mexican legation. During that year he returned to México, and he was appointed minister to Argentina and Uruguay. Passing through New York in November, 1918, he lectured and read a number of his poems at Columbia University and at the National Arts Club before the Poetry Society of America. He presented his credentials at Buenos Aires and Montevideo in the spring of 1919. While in attendance upon the Congreso del Niño in Montevideo he died suddenly, on May 24 following. His numerous works in verse and prose have been collected and are now being published in the *Biblioteca Nueva* of Madrid. Seventeen volumes have already appeared.—THE EDITOR.

²Rodó is so well known that we hesitate to give data regarding him; however, for the uninitiated, we permit ourselves to say that he was born in Montevideo about 1870, that he died in Palermo, Sicily, May 23, 1917, and that his principal works are: *Rubén Darío*;

Liberalismo y jacobinismo; *Motivos de Proteo*; *Ariel*; and *El mirador de Próspero*.—THE EDITOR.

³A contemporary Uruguayan man of letters and poet, historian, lawyer, journalist, diplomat: he was born in Montevideo, December 28, 1855, and was educated at Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and at Santiago, Chile. He received his diploma in jurisprudence in the last named of these cities. He served as minister of Uruguay successively in Spain, Portugal and France and near the Vatican; and he is the author of numerous historical and literary works, among which the following occupy prominent places: the poems of patriotism, *Tabaré* and *Leyenda patria*; the two-volume history of the life and times of the Uruguayan patriot and general, José Artigas (1755-1851), *La epopeya de Artigas*, 1910, of which a second edition was published in 1916; and *Detalles de la historia rioplatense*.—THE EDITOR.

⁴The article was written on September 9, 1920, when the southern spring was just beginning to dawn.—THE EDITOR.

his work. I must therefore shorten the minutes and not distract my longing expectations by vague, external means. The taxi flies through the admirably paved streets toward the Calle Tabaré. I must express to the poet the message of México and of the Mexican youth, and I must hear from his lips the opinion of the sister nation that will serve to mitigate somewhat my disconsolateness at beholding how little México is understood among peoples of the same race, the same language, the same religion.

I arrive. The residence is worthy of the poet. Picture to yourself a colonial house, as colonial as its reputation: broad roomy, cheerful, hospitable, with its niches open to the piety of the family dwellers, its doorways of hewn stone and its wooden doors polished in the historic manner, with heavy metal-work, oxidized by time, chased with oriental fantasy, its colored tiles to give the luminous and cordial note in friezes and panels, remote reminders of Talavera de la Reina and of our well beloved Puebla de los Ángeles!⁵ Beyond, the sea that imparts to the poet the secrets of his vagarious poetry; and then, the sky, a sky already vernal, which evokes in us the ardent memory of the horizon that has bounded our dreams and our imaginings.

I am in the presence of the master—vigorous of line, amiable of heart—who gives himself up with courteous abandon to the pilgrim, expressing himself in the glowing speech of one of the illuminated, one that speaks of the past and of the present as lord and master of the deepest secrets of the human heart. He welcomes me with the noble gesture of a knightly Christian. It is the hospitality of the race; and thus I thank him for the words he devotes to México as the expression of a kindred nature that beams on our triumphs and laments our misfortunes.

"I was just thinking of México. Behold, what a coincidence!" he said to me as he pressed the hand that I timidly extended to him. "Why was it? Ah, yes! I was reading in this newspaper a story of Nervo's, of *our* great, our beloved Nervo. . . ."

Then he recalls the thrilling adventure of the Desert of the Lions, wherein the Mexican poet, eternal delver into the supernatural, felt he had mastered the mystery of the figure of don Jesús Urueta disguised as a friar of another world.

"This Urueta," the poet went on, "is he the minister that México sends us now? How sad it is that sister nations should remain so far apart, so ignorant of each other, as if they existed only on the map, after the manner of geographical entities without any spiritual vinculation. Nervo, Urueta, will do much, doubtless, to bring about the understanding that we ourselves long for as much as you. Literary embassies do more than all the formulas of etiquette and uniforms and diplomatic ceremonies."

The poet then spoke of how much he desired to become acquainted with México, to know it physically. He knows our literature and our art; he was a friend of don Justo Sierra's, don Juan de Dios Peza's, don Guillermo Prieto's; he esteems the labors of Casasús⁶ as a humanist.

"Daily I receive letters from friends there, copies of newspapers, of books; in my private office you will see many recent publications of the young poets of your country. I must thank you at this very moment for the cordial dedication of the book that a young poet of México has sent me."

"And books of yours, doctor?"

"The prophecy of Ezekiel! The war has left such profound traces on the world. A new voice is necessary, one that shall command the white bones, charred, scattered throughout Europe, to rise, as in the biblical passage that informs the spirit of my book. You remember the prophecy of Ezekiel? I spin, besides, a series of events drawn from my life to form with them a spiritual biography. Just the salient points! The most interesting things that have happened to me in life! It will be called the *Libro de Ruth*. Just as Ruth gleaned the stalks of wheat left by Boaz, so shall I form a sheaf with those that life

⁵Joaquín D. Casasús: a Mexican man of letters and diplomat, who represented his country as ambassador at Washington for a short time and who died in 1916. Shortly before his death, he published a very handsome edition of his Spanish version of Longfellow's *Evangeline*.—THE EDITOR.

⁶The full name of Puebla, México.—THE EDITOR.

has scattered along my way. I am also conducting now a class in the Facultad de Arquitectura on the theory of art. Formerly I was a professor of international law. . . ."

Now on the eve of saying farewell, at the door of the family mansion of the Zorillas de San Martín, the poet said to me:

"Such is the spiritual and physical affinity that exists between our peoples of America that you of México have been able to make a film of *Tabaré*. I have already seen it, and you may be assured that I have been entirely satisfied with the appropriateness and justness of its development. Of course, we might have been

able to add something on our part to complement it—what you of your country do not possess—but in its essence it is excellent. It is startling to consider the similarity of the landscape and of the soul of the two countries."

"It is the soul and the landscape of America, master."

"It is the soul of America, my friend. . ."

At a distance, we hear the farewell uttered by the manly and sympathetic voice of José Luis Zorrilla de San Martín, a sculptor of renown, who will be the subject of another communication.

Without, as in a verse of the poet, the sea is sounding.



A SYNOPSIS OF THE HISTORY OF ARGENTINE SOCIAL IDEAS¹

BY

RAÚL A. ORGAZ

The author modestly refrains from claiming that there exists an Argentine sociology or that Argentina has ever produced a great sociologist, one that has worked out a complete social scheme, such as may stand before the whole world as an original and definitive structure. "It is not yet proper to speak of Argentine sociology or of an Argentine school of sociology" he says. He therefore limits himself to an investigation of "what have been the alternations of the constant struggle between metaphysics and the positive spirit in this country." Beginning with ideas and institutions inherited from Spain, he traces the development of social ideas through the colonial period, through the troublous days of the first efforts at independent government and civil organization and through the period of national consciousness and unification, his studies centering, in the main, about the Universidad de Córdoba, Argentina's earliest seat of learning. In the process, he analyzes the ideas and tendencies of the Argentine leaders of thought—Francisco Suárez, Gregorio Funes, Juan Ignacio de Gorriti, Bernardo Monteagudo, Mariano Moreno, Esteban Echeverría, Juan Bautista Alberdi, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, José Manuel Estrada and Vicente Fidel López—with a view to discovering the contributions made by each to the systematic study of social conditions and to the development of the social organism.—THE EDITOR.

IN SPEAKING of the evolution of Argentine social ideas, we shall adopt the same criterion or follow the same route that we did when we studied the "Formation of Sociology."

In the latter, we did not undertake to write *history* but to develop a theory, by extracting from the systems of authors the theses in which we had discovered elements vital to the formation of sociology.

This norm, which appears so scientific and which assuredly is so, can not be applied in studying the thought of Argentine writers on social subjects, for the simple reason that it is not yet proper to speak of Argentine sociology or of the Argentine school of sociology; so that we may not attempt to apply the same method to this review of social ideas in the Argentine republic.

What then is the *criterion* that is to be sought? A very simple one: that of learning what have been the alternations of the constant struggle between metaphysics and the positive spirit in this country.

Since we may not speak of Argentine sociology, as no native of this country may be counted among the precursors of

general sociology, there remains to us no other recourse than that of making a simple synopsis of Argentine thought in this respect and of determining the manner in which the positive criteria were developed and are being strengthened in the *interpretation of social phenomena*; wherefore it stands to reason that we shall necessarily refer to the general philosophical influences that have successively prevailed in the environment of national culture.

We have rejected these philosophical or general influences as far as possible in studying the evolution of sociology, because we have desired to extract what properly bears on sociology, without lingering over what relates to other realms of reality.

However—I repeat—in treating of the point that occupies us, it is necessary to stay very close to general philosophy, in order to discover what were the first steps of social philosophy in our country, and the alternations in the struggle between metaphysics and the positive spirit, between the spirit of scholasticism and that of Bacon.

We could not understand the evolution of Argentine thought in sociology unless we knew, at least in synthesis, what was the state of Spanish culture in the period of the conquest and colonization in these regions.

¹Concluding lecture by Doctor Raúl A. Orgaz in the course on sociology, in the Facultad de Derecho y Ciencias Sociales of the Universidad de Córdoba, November 4, 1920.

The reform that—as we have already said—precipitated the decadence of scholasticism ushered in the autonomy of science in respect of theology; but this, which was a general phenomenon, was not accomplished thoroughly in Spain. Here, scholasticism was remade, and it resisted and struggled against the innovating tendency of the Renaissance that extended over the whole of Europe.

The second scholasticism was a prolongation of the middle ages, a prolongation of the rationalistic and dogmatic spirit. Its basis was thoroughly Thomistic, that is, inspired by the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas.

This "Catholic scholasticism" was remade in Spain in order to be opposed, in a tentative manner, to the advance of the spirit of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Opposed at the beginning by certain minds, more or less innovating, more or less liberal, it succeeded in dominating definitively.

The culmination of the thought of Spanish scholasticism is found in the works of the eminent Jesuit, Francisco Suárez (1548–1617), whose teaching stood out for some time in the Universidad de Córdoba during the colonial period, and which came to be the synthesis of Jesuitic philosophy and the highest expression of Spanish metaphysics, he being justly called "the pope of the metaphysicians." His famous disputations constituted the breviary, as it were, of the scholasticism of Saint Thomas. Their fundamental thesis was that no knowledge could be in disagreement with revealed truth.

As I say, within this tendency the work of Father Suárez represented the culmination of the thought of Spanish scholasticism and stood out against the work of Luis Vives (1492–1540), one of Spain's most eminent men of the sixteenth century.

An adversary of scholasticism, Vives must be considered in a certain way as a herald of modern empirical psychology and a precursor of the positive method. However, this tendency—which is, in truth, an honorable achievement for the Spain of the seventeenth century—was at length overthrown, and scholasticism predominated thenceforth in an undisputed

manner in the culture of the universities and higher institutions of the kingdom.

It was natural then that this same Catholic scholasticism should be transplanted in America, and this is an antecedent necessary to comprehending the colonial environment of our country.

Therefore, in our country, during the period of the colony, there were no other sciences than theology and law. These two became the inspirers of all the colonial institutions; they were found to be allied; they upheld each other reciprocally. Theology defended the dogma of the divine right of the kings; law defended the authority of the kings and of the church.

Legislation, in turn, was saturated with preoccupations of justice and morality; but its dictates were frequently hampered by the corruption of the functionaries that were charged with applying them and by the enormous difficulties that stood in the way of the administration of justice.

You already know, through the study of comparative civil law, that the dominant legislation of the time was that of the *Partidas*;² and the social legislation for this part of America, the Laws of the Indies; and, apart from them, the great number of dispositions, compilations, decrees, laws of Toro,³ royal ordinances of Castilla, et cetera, came to disturb the stability of law and the wise administration of justice.

What interests us, however, in the synthesis we are making, is simply the idea that all the law of this period tended to nothing more than the maintenance of the authority of the kings and of the church.

As to economic ideas: those that circulated throughout America could not have been more deplorable than they were. Just as in the period of Aristotle, slavery was believed to be an institution based upon natural law; and you recollect what an important part the slave trade has played in certain regions of America.

In making a full study of the colonial period, it is necessary, furthermore, to ex-

²The *Siete Partidas*: laws compiled by Alfonso el Sabio, divided into seven *partidas* or "parts." They formed the code of Castilla.—THE EDITOR.

³The eighty-four laws drawn up and enacted under the auspices of the Catholic sovereigns in the *cortes* of Toledo in 1502, and published in those of Toro in 1505.—THE EDITOR.

amine three erroneous tendencies, which constituted, as it were, an insuperable obstacle to the progress of the country. These three tendencies were: first, to hold that wealth was to be found in the mines; second, to defend a monopolistic absorption of commerce and the industries; and, third, to hate the foreigner. With them were combined administrative cupidity and a desire for the immoderate enrichment of the government, however much society might suffer as a result of the established régime.

Here you have the three fundamental errors of the system of obstruction and backwardness foisted on the economic realm. As a consequence of this and in accord with the idiosyncrasies of the Spanish people, we may add contempt for work—characteristic also of the colonizers—smuggling, and the exploitation of human labor and public offices and privileges, as forms of enrichment without effort.

In short, with respect to *social ideas*, preoccupations of the nobility and caste predominated; and in the religious realm, its institutions were one thing on paper and another in reality. We shall thus see then how Canon Goritti, even after the revolution, caused it to be noted that religion was dominated by an excess of formalism, external show and hypocrisy.

It concerns us, however, to arrive as soon as possible at the *spirit of the university and of the colony*, something that we may not omit in making this synopsis of Argentine thought in respect of sociology.

We take as a type the Universidad de Córdoba, which, as you know, has been the most representative of the colony. The Universidad de Córdoba and the Universidad de Charcas constituted the principal centers of higher learning in this part of America.

The Universidad de Córdoba was divided into two faculties—that of theology and that of the arts (philosophy); and in that period it was dominated by the same tendencies as those that obtained in the Spain of the time, that is, the scholastic tendency and the philosophy of the church.

In the evolution of the Universidad de Córdoba, two well defined periods may be distinguished: one of them, the Jesuitic period, which extended from the year 1613 until the expulsion of the order in 1767; and the other, the Franciscan period, from 1767 until 1808, that is, until the year in which the university was secularized when the institution passed under the power of the civil authorities, and the cloister elected Doctor Gregorio Funes⁴ as rector.

In the two periods, the spirit of the university was profoundly influenced by theology, although there are to be noted in the second of them certain signs of renovation or of impulses toward modernization; but theology always had as an object the establishment and maintenance of the authority of the church and of the kings of Spain.

All *philosophy* was confined to *metaphysics*, and metaphysics was limited in turn to *theology*.

Two cardinal traits served to give physiognomy to the teaching of the higher studies of that period: the first characteristic was *absolute submission to the authority* of the text and the author; and the second was the *exaggerated employment of dialectics* and of discussion, time being lost in interminable disputes without any object.

At the beginning, the university was dominated by scholasticism, Catholic dogmatism and the tyranny of Aristotle.

Afterward appeared a certain tendency whose object was the introduction of the philosophy of Descartes. This should not be forgotten, because it had its importance as marking the passage from one period to another in the development of doctrines in the Universidad de Córdoba.

Classic scholasticism dominated in the

⁴An Argentine priest and writer: born in Córdoba (1749-1830). He was ordained to the priesthood in 1773; later he went to Spain and received the degree for the practice of law from the Universidad de Alcalá de Henares; afterward he became a canon of the cathedral of Córdoba and, in 1808, the rector of the university. He enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most eminent sacred orators in South America. His publications included sermons, discourses, pamphlets and other works, among them *Ensayo de la historia civil de Buenos Aires, Tucumán y Paraguay*, two volumes. On December 8, 1911, a statue was unveiled in his honor in one of the courts of the university.—THE EDITOR.

first period; then the doctrines of Father Suárez, to whom I have already referred; later, as a breath of freedom in study, entered—although with timidity—the ideas of Descartes and of Malebranche.

However—as an interesting and suggestive trait—the Universidad de Córdoba looked with horror upon, and implacably combated, those who, at the end of the eighteenth century, were called the “libertines” of the Encyclopedia, that is, Rousseau, Voltaire, et cetera, monsters of impiety and recklessness. They were the “Maximalists” of the times.

In these two orientations—scholasticism on the one hand (completed by the doctrines of Suárez), and the philosophical ideas of Descartes, on the other—we could summarize all the academic developments of Córdoba during the colonial period.

In the year 1791, the Universidad de Córdoba added to the chairs of philosophy—which was studied in the Facultad de Artes—and theology, a chair of “institutes,” the germ of the present Facultad de Derecho, and at the instance of Dean Funes it created also a chair of mathematics in 1808. Thus was completed the evolution of the Universidad de Córdoba in the colonial period.

In advance of that of the Universidad de Córdoba, appeared the environment of the Universidad de Charcas, in which, although Thomistic scholasticism always predominated, more freedom of study might after all be noted.

In the Universidad de Charcas (or de Chuquisaca),⁵ they went so far as to discuss the ideas of Rousseau and Montesquieu and of the French thinkers in general, and thus it is to be explained that in that university were educated men of such strong liberalism as Monteagudo,⁶ Cas-

telli⁷ and Mariano Moreno.⁸ So that, in contraposition to the narrowly scholastic and theological spirit of the Universidad de Córdoba may be noted the liberal breadth of the Universidad de Charcas.

Before studying the meaning of Mariano Moreno and the prerevolutionary ideology, however, let us say in synthesis what were the books of this period that exerted most influence upon the youth and men of study that effected the Argentine revolution.

Three books served the studious generation of this country as an evangel at that time: in what pertained to politics, Rousseau's *Contrat social*; in political economy, the economic *Maxims* of Quesnay, who belonged to the school of the physiocrats, according to which the wealth of the soil was the most important element, while setting aside the other industries, manufactures and commerce, and attributing all possible importance to the direct exploitation of the land; and, finally, in the philosophic realm, the *Traité des sensations* of Condillac, who exaggerated empiricism and was the predecessor of the “ideologues,” destined to develop a materialistic psychology.

We can now refer to Mariano Moreno

he went to Europe. After his return, in 1817, he participated in the campaign for the liberation of Chile. In 1821, he entered the service of Perú, serving first as minister of war and later as minister of state.—THE EDITOR.

⁷Juan José Castelli: an Argentine soldier and tribune. He was born in Buenos Aires at the close of the eighteenth century, and he died very young, after having distinguished himself by working ardently for the independence of his country.—THE EDITOR.

⁸An Argentine juriconsult, journalist and patriot: he was born in Buenos Aires, September 23, 1778, and he died, March 4, 1811. He was educated at the Escuela del Rey and the Colegio de San Carlos, in Buenos Aires, and at the Universidad de Chuquisaca, where he was graduated as a doctor of law. Neurotic and sickly, he was not inclined to push himself forward in active affairs, but when the movement for independence was launched in May, 1810, he took part in the deliberations of the organizing body, and he was secretary of the first *junta*. Later, he filled a number of important offices under the republican government. In 1810, he became the editor of the famous *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, which was the mouthpiece of the patriots throughout the period of the struggle (1810-1821). In 1811, he, in company with his brother Manuel, was sent on a diplomatic mission to England, probably to remove him from the country. He did not reach his destination, however, as he died on the high seas, March 4, 1811. His body, wrapped in the British flag, was buried at sea.—THE EDITOR.

⁵Charcas was the original name of what is to-day Bolivia. Chuquisaca is a *departamento* of Bolivia. The capital of this *departamento* was called Chuquisaca until 1840, when the name was changed to Sucre, one of the present capitals of Bolivia. This explains why the university alluded to has sometimes been called the Universidad de Charcas and sometimes the Universidad de Chuquisaca.—THE EDITOR.

⁶An Argentine politician and publicist: he was born in Tucumán (originally called San Miguel de Tucumán) in 1785, and he was assassinated in 1825. He took an active part as a polemic and a soldier in the revolution of 1810. He was a contributor to a number of the newspapers of Buenos Aires, and in 1815

(1778-1811), who is the symbol of the Argentine revolution.

Mariano Moreno introduced a new spirit, a reaction against the colonial régime and against the ideas of the mother-country. His thought is to be classified with that of the Encyclopedists; and it suffices to recall, indeed, that Mariano Moreno was the translator of the *Contrat social* of Rousseau, whom he called: "the immortal man that was the admiration of his century and will be the marvel of all ages." Fervently stirred by the principles of Rousseau, he translated the *Contrat social*, and he believed that by doing so he was rendering—as he did render—a positive service to the culture of the native, and above all, to the revolutionary cause.

His *Representación de los hacendados*, on the other hand, was a very eloquent plea for freedom of commerce, in harmony with the economic ideas that prevailed at that time, and consequently the economic ideas that he had assimilated from French books; so that Mariano Moreno's work was a vital offshoot of the Encyclopedia. He was the paladin of the revolution of May, the continuator of Rousseau in these regions: "the idea of liberty on the march. . . ."

At its head was the dean, Doctor Gregorio Funes, who summed up the thought of tradition, weakened, nevertheless, by the varnish of liberalism. Funes, who has been defined by Groussac as "the Tantalus of the miter"—the man that constantly aspired to the bishopric without ever having attained it, and whose political life continues to be so disputed—possessed, nevertheless, under the ideological aspect, the merit of having attempted, as I have said, a conciliation between the theological and traditional thought of the Universidad de Córdoba and the new philosophical currents that were gaining way everywhere.

Exactly. We must not forget, either, that Dean Funes enjoyed the distinction of founding and endowing the chair of mathematics in our university; he was also the first to create, in his celebrated plan of studies of 1813, a course in the history of philosophy; he exalted, at the same time, the value of physics, by means of which he gave a strong impulse and a

new orientation to the higher studies in Córdoba.

Dean Funes believed that the reign of scholasticism and of Father Suárez had passed; he confessed that the microscope is better than the syllogism for the discovery of truth; but he did not go so far as to accept Cartesianism, rightly watching over the church with distrust. Hence the thought of Dean Funes was a prudent conciliation between scholasticism and the new principles, which he did not dare to accept in their integrity, being inclined to the Christian schools of Port Royal, of whose teaching he had drunk.

After Dean Funes, who is, we may say, the representative type of classic colonial culture, we have a new antithesis in Monteagudo.

Monteagudo and Moreno were symbolic of the innovating ideology, just as Dean Funes and Gorriti were of equal value within the conservative ranks.

Bernardo Monteagudo (1785-1825), in the world of letters, was to play in respect of Moreno, the part that San Martín played in respect of Belgrano. In sharing this judgment with Rojas, let us thoroughly understand that we keep to the field of ideas, for some may think perhaps that it would be more logical to attribute this position to Rivadavia in respect of Moreno. We are writing the history of ideas, however, and not the history of politics; so that we ought to limit ourselves exclusively to the men who, through their written works, have diffused their ideas on social subjects.

Rivadavia was the apologist of the revolution of May in the political realm, but in the literary realm we must give this place to Monteagudo.

Besides all this, it is true that Monteagudo renewed the light of the Argentine revolution and carried it through all South America as far as Panamá. Everywhere, amid the hazards of his life, he went about scattering American ideals, become "the knight-errant of the revolution." His cardinal thesis, overlooking inevitable contradictions, was a breaking with the colonial past and the hastening of the emancipation of America.

Canon don Juan Ignacio de Gorriti

(1766-1842) moved on the same doctrinal plane as Dean Funes; but if Monteagudo represented the exaltation of Mariano Moreno's thought, Canon Gorriti represented, on the other hand, a greater liberalization of the theological and compromising tendencies of Funes.

While Monteagudo—in the end a demagogue—exaggerated the preachment of Mariano Moreno, Canon Gorriti tempered and liberalized the conservative tendencies of the old dean. Such was the position of these two academics of Córdoba that we have contrasted with Monteagudo, a product of the Universidad de Charcas.

Gorriti, in the now famous book entitled, *Reflexiones sobre las causas morales de las convulsiones interiores de los nuevos estados americanos, y examen de los medios eficaces para reprimirlas*, marked the transition between the old Spanish spirit in the colony and the new American spirit. Liberal impulses and democratic longings were now definitely visible in this work. Its ideas tended, in truth, to regenerate the American countries by means of work, culture and peace; and in a certain way then Canon Gorriti served as a precursor of the desires and longings of Sarmiento, Alberdi and the loftiest leaders of the nation.

In his book, the eminent churchman of Jujuy analyzed strictly and with praiseworthy probity the causes of the evils he observed in Argentine society. In the economic life, in the moral life and in the religious life he noted the characteristic, inherent vices of these countries, that is: laziness, ignorance and immorality.

There are such eloquent passages in his work that it is better to transcribe them than to cull from them, for otherwise we should have an incorrect idea of the courage of this academic of the colony, who left his criticism of the old order of things indicated in passages like the following:

The people were educated in the most stupid ignorance. . . . Manners and customs were no better treated than the sciences. A man that had his name inscribed in all the associations and brotherhoods, that went to mass every day and took the sacraments, was considered exemplary, although he might be a

conscienceless extortioner and although he might not disdain sordid gains or might defraud the day-laborer. . . .

This in criticism of the moral condition of the period.

As to the Spanish educational régime, it received his censures when he recalled the time in which "the inquisition persecuted as witches those that knew a little more physics than the common run of doctors:" and he added: "It is necessary that teaching be not vague, that time be not lost in upholding systems and in making issues of things that it is not worth while to investigate," thus proclaiming the excellences of the positive method, which means that we are to observe phenomena and try to discover their laws. Naught of finalities, of subtilities, tricks of dialectics, characteristic of the scholastic period!

The ideological value of Gorriti, Funes, Monteagudo and Moreno is clearly indicated by the incessant strife between metaphysics and the positive spirit at the dawn of the national life.

We shall close this synthesis with an exposition of the ideas of authors subsequent to the first period of Argentine culture.

We have already announced the basis upon which we purposed to conduct this study. We said that it was not proper to cherish the hope of discovering at the dawn of post-revolutionary Argentine thought the systematic precision with which sociology appeared at that time in the European countries, and that our aim, in working out this synopsis, was to be merely that of giving importance to everything that might in any manner demonstrate the triumph of the scientific spirit over the metaphysical and traditionalistic spirit that has prevailed during the period of the colony: all this on the obvious ground that science is also a *social function*, bound up with the state of the people in which it is formed.

With this very modest but necessary criterion, with this limited but scientific measure of value, we began our review of the opinions that have been expressed in respect of social affairs by the best minds

of the earlier intellectual group of Argentina.

So we have seen how, in the first period, the Universidad de Córdoba, by means of its two most representative minds, Gorriti and Funes, had already imparted a tendency toward freedom from the classic, traditionalistic and theological spirit that had prevailed in these halls, and how, following it, tempered and moderated, there appeared energetically developed the innovating tendency faithful to the postulates of the Encyclopedia—which had effected the Argentine revolution—that is, the one symbolized by Mariano Moreno and Bernardo Monteagudo.

Well then; the influence of French thought on Argentina reappeared in the work of Echeverría.

Esteban Echeverría (1805–1851), as you know, founded the Asociación de Mayo, for the express purpose of working for the intellectual emancipation of the country by maintaining a critical front toward the two great camps in which the country was then divided: that of the unitaries and that of the federals.

About Echeverría, constituting the Asociación de Mayo, were gathered the most renowned men of the period: there we see Alberdi, Mitre, Vicente Fidel López, Félix Frías, Juan María Gutiérrez, Tejedor, Sarmiento, Cané, Aberastáin, the Argentine emigrés that in one or another form had manifested their opposition to the regimen of tyranny that existed at the time.

The important thing, however, is to establish that Echeverría initiated social studies in the country. With him, it may be said, there appeared something that already implied a consciousness of social life and of its problems: the observation of collective phenomena. Before him, neither in the case of Moreno or Monteagudo, nor in that of Funes or of Gorriti himself, can we affirm that there was anything substantial that might interest us, speaking strictly, in the elaboration of the theory of social phenomena. On the other hand, in the work of Esteban Echeverría, in his famous *Dogma socialista*—which aroused so much criticism in his day, because of the adjective that it flaunted—and which it would have

been better to call *Dogma social* or *Doctrina social*, there are to be found interesting anticipations that give to their author a position of first importance in our literature. He might, indeed, be called “the Vico of Argentine sociology.”

I insist on what has been said; we are not to imagine that in the author of the *Dogma* we shall find a coherent and harmonious system, a theoretical development, more or less complete, that will interpret Argentine social phenomena: his work, half cultured, half scientific, somewhat confused in its development, possessed already, in spite of everything, certain foreshadowings, certain glimpses of the positive basis on which social science was later to unfold.

What was the object sought by Esteban Echeverría in writing his *Dogma socialista*? He himself set it forth in categorical terms in answering Angelis: “I made an effort,” he said, “to establish on the historical and indestructible foundation of the tradition of May⁹ the rudiments of the *social, scientific and Argentine doctrine*.” He wished then, beginning with the traditions of the revolution of May, to go forward and to make of politics a science, with the observation and study of our own social environment.

He did not succeed, certainly, in the ample manner that he expected; but in spite of his not doing so and quite apart from the merits of the case, it was sufficient to cause to stand out from his half cultivated, half scientific work some fundamental principles that serve as an evidence of the importance of the *Dogma*.

In the first place, Echeverría took from Turgot and Condorcet the notion of indefinite “social progress,” and in appreciation of it he proclaimed social *well-being*.

So he said:

All human associations exist by progress and for progress, and civilization itself is nothing more than an indelible testimony to progress. To progress is to become civilized or to address the action of all forces toward the acquisition of *well-being*.

⁹An allusion to the beginning of the struggle for independence, which occurred on May 25, 1810.—THE EDITOR.

This "law of humanitarian progress," which Echeverría wished to discover in Argentine society, is taken, as he declared, from Vico, Herder, Turgot and Condorcet.

He then distinguished between *progress* and *perfectibility*. "Progress," he said, "indicates advancement and determines the sphere in which it moves; *perfectibility* implies what is finished and what has the greatest degree of excellence in its line. To hold therefore that society is perfectible is to hold to a chimera." This distinction has no value, but by it he wished to indicate simply that humanity can not attain to such a degree of progress that further advance will be impossible. Progress is indefinite, as he said.

There is in the *Dogma* a marked spirit of observation that surprised Auguste Comte, a contemporary of Echeverría's.

So it is. Echeverría, certainly influenced by the historical school promulgated by Lermnier, at the same time that he preached the peculiarity of the Argentine social life, pointed out a positive criterion by which to study it, and he said: "Every people has its life and its own intelligence. Our world of observation and application is here; we touch it and we feel it palpitate; we can observe it, study its organism, its conditions of life; and Europe can help us little in this." As to the method: "Not to depart from the practical realm, not to lose one's self in abstractions; always to have the eye of the intelligence fixed on the inwardness of our society."

I could not synthesize in clearer or more concise terms the positive, real and historical method by which our thinker wished to analyze the phenomena of society.

In short, he had the clearest of intuitions as to the *social reality*, the basis of our science, when he claimed, in his *Obras*,¹⁰ that "societies are not merely agglomerations of men, but they form a body, homogeneous and animated by a peculiar life, which results from the mutual relations of men among themselves, and from some generations with others." It may be inferred that Echeverría—in up-holding these ideas—had a glimpse of the most modern theses of sociology.

In these and many other passages, which

it would be useless to transcribe, we have a clear proof of the significance and transcendency of don Esteban Echeverría's ideas.

He was the master of a great generation: it is sufficient to recall the men with whom he shared his labors, their ideas and their dreams. It might be added, without rhetoric, that from the doctrinaire nebulosity of the *Dogma* sprang the magnificent systemization of Alberdi's *Las bases*.¹¹

Alberdi, so independent, so zealous of his authority as a thinker, confessed himself to be, nevertheless, a disciple of Echeverría's, when he said that "all the intelligent novelties that have occurred on the Plata and in more than one neighboring country since 1830 have had Echeverría as their chief agent and motor;" which reveals the broad influence that Echeverría exercised over the mental élite of his times.

It would not be proper to classify Echeverría with the group of the positivists, however, in spite of the fact that he was in Paris in 1828, in the period in which Auguste Comte was initiating his scientific works, and although he drank inspiration from Saint-Simon, through Fourier.

It would be better to classify him among the equalitarian and democratic romantics that followed, in part, the orientation of the Encyclopedists.

So it is not proper then, speaking strictly, to fix the ideological and doctrinal position of Echeverría in the Comtean group, in spite of his thoughts of a surprising positivity, which we have already set forth, as when he maintained that we ought to take note of our own phenomena for the study of them. Echeverría could not be called "a positivist," because his work was one of exhortation, more than anything else, and therefore *sentimental* in its reformistic tendency.

On the other hand, Alberdi, Sarmiento and López subsequently originated the group we may call "positivists."

The work of Juan Bautista Alberdi (1810-1884), as you know, was very vast, and

¹¹The title now in general use and under which Richardo Rojas issued the work in 1915, in his *Biblioteca Argentina*. The original title, under which the first edition, Valparaíso, May, 1852, was published, was *Bases y punto de partida para la organización política de la República Argentina*.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰Volume IV, page 188.

it is not easy to find throughout it a dominant, directive thought, one that may be said to possess greater significance than the rest for our science. Nevertheless, from the body of Alberdi's work may be drawn three or four capital ideas that stand out in the synopsis we are making. Alberdi was the first Argentine thinker that had a more or less clear idea of sociology and that stamped this word on his works.

He defined social science by saying that it is "the science that seeks the *general law* of the harmonious development of human beings:" a definition that may now appear vague, but one that demonstrates the effort made to attain a synthetic formula.

His conception of the importance of social science is also clear-cut, although dogmatic. He said:

Of all the moral and political sciences, the most useful, the most practical and necessary is the social science, or the sociological science, as Comte called it, and as the Académie Française has set its sanction on it.

It is interesting to establish the fact that the doctrinal position of Alberdi—in our science—is to be found in the ranks of the *biological* school of Spencer, for he said textually:

The expression "social body" is not simply metaphysical. Society is an *organic body*, in reality, like that of man, of which it is composed. Hence *biology*, or the science of life in general, is the basis of *sociology*, or the science of society. Societies have their life. This life has its science. This science is a kind of social biology, or of man living collectively.¹²

In harmony with this strictly biological concept, Alberdi rejects the claim of those that suppose man to be all powerful to transform society according to his whim, that is, the romantic conception of the Encyclopedists:

When the *natural laws*, by virtue of which societies are produced, grow and perfect themselves, shall become known through the study of moral science, our publicists will cease to demand that governments *shall make societies*, as if they were works creatable by decrees.

So this notion that the social order is subject to laws as natural as those studied in the other sciences receives the full

sanction of the eminent Tucumanite,¹³ and this fact seems sufficient to justify calling attention to the great step it signified in a country where for so long a time had been proclaimed the power of law and of the will of statesmen to impose sudden transformations upon society.

As to method, Alberdi proclaimed a strict positive procedure, he commended observation and he criticised Smith because he said that he "observed badly, that he observed little, that he did not observe all that he ought to have observed, that he mutilated the human fact and built a lifeless science upon the dead fragment."

This is another merit of the thinker of Tucumán: he preached energetically the necessity of a sagacious and profound social observation as a means of acquiring a scientific starting-point.

He also developed ideas of social determinism, and in this he struck hands, through time, with Giovanni Battista Vico. He wished to study man in function with his environment; hence he always vigorously opposed giving importance to the great man, the hero, and he fixed his attention on the anonymous mass, the people.

In his pages may be read the following:

The day that social science shall be more disseminated and known in America, we shall cease to be historians engaged in proclaiming that the change in life, which is called the American revolution, was the work of this or that victorious general. . . . No; the revolution of May was not Moreno, as the war of independence was not San Martín, as the unity of the nation was not Rivadavia, as the tyranny of Buenos Aires was not Rosas, as the national organization was not Urquiza. Such thought is characteristic of limited minds.

In these striking terms, Alberdi opposed the old heroic tendency according to which the great man was the creator of social transformations. The hero did no more than synthesize and express in gigantic form the aspirations of the masses.

Over the economic factor in Alberdi's doctrine, I hardly need to pause, for his ideas float in our environment and we are

¹²*Escritos póstumos*, volume VIII, page 39.

¹³Alberdi was born in Tucumán in 1812.—THE EDITOR.

constantly recalling them. Economism and the demographic doctrine of the famous Alberdian formula—"to govern is to populate"—are the most widely diffused aspects of the vast labor of the illustrious publicist.

It is to be seen that in a certain way Alberdi harmonized in a surprising manner with Spencer, as when he held South America to be in the military period, in a state of inferiority and social backwardness, and that she must hasten to come out of it in order to enter the economic and industrial age in which all institutions attain their stability and progress. "The laurel," said Alberdi, "is a useless plant; the modest sprig of peace is worth much more."

He was a stalwart adversary, all his life, of those martial undertakings in which the creole idiosyncrasy delighted and which the worship of courage among the peoples of South America has so much exalted.

In respect of law, Juan Bautista Alberdi had impregnated himself with the teachings of the historical school through the instrumentality of Lermínier, agreeing with Echeverría in the thesis that, after the country had achieved her political independence, it was necessary to attain economic and cultural independence; and upon them, by means of customs, natural rights would be acquired as the true outcome of a social consciousness.

In his work is patent also the influence of the teachings of Montesquieu, as when Alberdi studied the idiosyncrasies of his fellow-countrymen of the provinces, the Tucumanites, and held that the climate gave them their bilious and melancholy character, thus attributing to the climate greater influence even than to foods, drinks and kinds of work. He did not go too far, however, for he rejected the idea that climate may influence a man's spirit through his organism and thus determine certain forms of political life. Therefore he took decided issue with Montesquieu, who maintained that the peoples of a hot climate have a greater propensity to tyranny and despotism.

We now come to the doctrines of Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1888). It may be said that he was the greatest of the philosophers of Argentine history. I do

not call him a *sociologist*, because the philosophers of history are the precursors of the sociologists. They are to be found, in respect of the latter, in the same position as that in which the alchemists of the middle ages were in respect of modern chemists; or the old astrologers, in respect of the astronomers properly so called.

Sarmiento, I repeat, was the first philosopher of Argentine history, and this stands out clearly in his two books: *Facundo* and *Conflictos y armonías de las razas en América*.

Facundo is a work in which the study of *physical environment* predominates, side by side with that of *social environment*. It might be said that the Argentine generation of the time had received, in a decisive manner, the influence of the geographical theories of Montesquieu. They are to be observed in Sarmiento's *Facundo*, profoundly penetrated by the geographical factor as an agent of social life.

Sarmiento conceived of Argentine history as a result of the conflict of two great forces: civilization, represented by *the cities*, where the European element began to be defined; and barbarism, represented by *the country*, in which the spirit of the colony took refuge and where the larger part of the population sprang from the mixture of the indigenous race with the Spanish, with a strong predominance of the former.

The plan traced by Sarmiento in *Facundo* was grandiose. It may not be affirmed that he carried it out completely; but he had an intuition of the manner in which it ought to be undertaken, to succeed in interpreting the Argentine phenomena scientifically. He held that Argentina lacked a sociologist, a Tocqueville, he said, who would reveal our social life to Europe, while explaining the mystery of the struggle in which the country was rent asunder. In this explanation, a part would be played by the configuration of the territory, the habits it engendered, Spanish traditions, national consciousness, political ideas, indigenous barbarity, European civilization, democracy.

We have here then in outline the plan that Sarmiento had in mind and that he could not complete, he confessed, "for

lack of philosophical and historical instruction." Yet in *Facundo*, I insist, there is an outline of the philosophy of Argentine history, since the key to events is in the shock of two great forces, represented by the cities and the country: the cities, which constituted civilization, and the country, which was barbarity.

He showed how anarchy and *caudillismo*¹⁴ grew up. He studied, in the first place, the influences of the surrounding physical conditions upon the psychology of the Argentine people, the types of the *rastreador*,¹⁵ the cow-boy, the bad man of the plains, et cetera, and how nature went on bringing these minds together, influencing them, modifying them, until she gave them a certain uniform constitution.

He also pointed out how in our country the pastoral peoples predominated over the agricultural, and finally, he showed the genesis, in that amorphous mass, half barbarous and half cultured, at one and the same time, of the *caudillos* that predominated during that period.

He possessed a scientific conception of the *caudillo*, who, according to him, was nothing more than a faithful mirror that reflected in the large the ideas, beliefs, aspirations and habits of the mass; and, in harmony with this idea, he printed the following words:

In *Facundo Quiroga* I do not see merely the *caudillo*, but a *manifestation* of Argentine life, as it was shaped by colonization and the peculiarities of the land, to which I think it is necessary to devote serious attention.

It was then therefore that Sarmiento adopted, along with these conceptions, the explanation that Vico had already given in studying Homer's works and Roman law, as has been seen.

In *Facundo* was already outlined the conflict of counterpoised races: one of them in the cities, the white race; the other, in the country, the indigenous and

the black races. This antagonism was brought out in a clear and categorical manner in *Conflictos y armonías de las razas en América*.

In *Conflictos*, Sarmiento, as he expressed it, did not wish to *write* history: he was trying to *explain it*, and this justifies our assertion, that is, that Sarmiento was a philosopher of patriotic history, and he ought to be classed as such.

Like the men of his period, he was attracted by the problem of explaining the contrasts that existed between the life of the United States of America and that of the South American peoples. The great difference that he observed between the expansion and progress of the United States and the backwardness of the former Spanish colonies led him to view with greater depth the collective evils of our peoples, and he thought he found the explanation in the difference of ethnic conformation and in civilization. Indeed, in *Conflictos y armonías de las razas en América*, Sarmiento analyzed the origin of our population and studied the indigenous and black races; then he gave his attention to the Spanish colonies, to the retrograde Spanish colonial ideas, to the Spanish psychology, to the colonial policy and to religious fanaticism.

In short, according to the talented writer, the racial differences between North America and South America were the result of an unequal economic evolution and of a difference in civilization.

From the body of Sarmiento's work may be extracted the two basic conceptions by which he explained the origin of the evils of South America: one of them was the Spanish inheritance, and the other, cross-breeding with the indigenes, which engendered what he called "the indigenes on horseback," the race of *gauchos*, an ethnic environment in which *caudillaje*¹⁶ flourished.

As a remedy, as a corrective, of these two sources of decadence and retrogression, Sarmiento preached culture, work and European immigration. *Education for science and industry* would permit the transmutation of colonial, Hispanic, culture in-

¹⁴Partizan leadership, derived from *caudillo*, "partizan leader" or "chief," and characteristic at times of a number of the southern countries.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁵"Pathfinder:" traditionally, a grave, mysterious, respected, dreaded and somewhat uncanny trailer, a sort of human sleuth-hound, whose function it was to seek out fugitives, unearth crimes, et cetera.—THE EDITOR. ¹⁷

¹⁶The same as *caudillismo*; see note 14 on this article.—THE EDITOR.

to European culture; *crossing* with European races by means of immigration would permit the correcting of the germ of social backwardness that resulted from the crossing of Spaniards with the indigenous and black races. This was the substantial part, and with it is set forth and established the significance of Sarmiento's sociological work, in his two major books: *Facundo* and *Conflictos y armonías de las razas en América*.

We shall now refer, in a word, to the work of José Manuel Estrada and Vicente Fidel López.

Vicente Fidel López (1815-1903) may be recalled, in this rapid review that we are making, mainly for his indisputable merits as an historian; for he did not contribute a single capital idea to the development of Argentine social thought. He was an artist of history, not a philosopher of history.

The high qualities that the work of Doctor López possessed in Argentine history resides in his having applied with talent Michelet's famous maxim: "History is a resurrection."

He desired, in truth—and he succeeded with admirable efficiency—to make us live again the vanished periods; and if his work may be resented doubtless for heat in judging of men and institutions, it had, nevertheless, fundamental value in our history, even if not in our embryonic sociology. The only thing that can be gathered from his book, as an indication of doctrinary preoccupation, is one or another idea of a liking for historical economism; but it is a simple remark, made in passing, to which it is not worth while to give emphasis as a thesis truly developed and given prestige by him.

José Manuel Estrada (1842-1894) was, after Sarmiento, another philosopher of history, although of an entirely different tendency. In the introduction to *Leciones sobre la historia de la República Argentina*, Estrada said that he "proposed to explain the Argentine revolution, passing over every detail and all investigation

of a secondary order, necessary to the writing of history, but harmful to the teaching of his philosophy." There is no room to doubt, in the presence of such clear terms, that he aspired to write the "philosophy of history," that he sought to ignore details and minute circumstances, and to gather up the great facts, the great tendencies.

He added in his *Lecciones*, that his book was an attempt at "*the first scientific exposition of the democratic origin of the Argentine people*." It was, indeed, within the purposes of Estrada, therefore, to make national history a science; and for this purpose he sought to discover principles and laws in the series of historical events that he studied.

His points of view were three: Providence, individualism and liberty. In one place he said: "God is concealed in the details, and he reveals himself in the whole." He thus erects, beside the throne of Providence, an altar to individualism and another to liberty. However, he attempted to make room in his lessons on history for less arbitrary standards in thinking that he had discovered the *Argentine historical law* in the following terms: "The Argentine Republic did not fight for pretended antagonisms—as is held by a school at whose head is Doctor Alberdi—between the capital, essentially despotic, and the provinces, essentially liberal: it fought because it divorced the thought of power and the theories of facts in their tremendous political elaboration. *Such is the law* that has prevailed in the modern history of my country;" which, although it be not very clear or very precise to us, reveals at least a concern for scientific longings and synthesis.

However slight may be the real contribution of Estrada to Argentine social science, he is worthy of a respectable place in the evolution of the national thought, because he devoted to his work his vast culture, his idealism and his enthusiasm as a combatant and a man of deeply rooted convictions.

AT THE FOOT OF ACONQUIJA

BY

SANTIAGO FUSTER CASTRESOY

Any one that has visited Tucumán the umbrageous, with her green orange-trees heavy with golden fruit, even in July, in the dead of winter, her aroma of tradition and her romance of independence, and surrounded by great *estancias* of sugar-cane, within sight of the massive cordillera and its pale phantom of perpetual snow, will recognize the similitude of the following sketch; and those that have not had the privilege of seeing the city and the picturesque surroundings, or of visiting the neighboring Quebrada de Lules or some other point of interest, will profit by the author's observations and his sprightly description. —THE EDITOR.

FROM the land of Santiago,¹ that is, from very near Las Cejas, the traveler begins to see the elegant figure of the Aconquija of Tucumán, whose snowy summit can be discerned also by those who come from Catamarca, as they descend along the flowery and exuberant slope of Totoral, in search of better roads. There, upon the brow of the peak, rests perennially a tuft of grayish clouds, which at times take on the color of smoke laden with soot and fly wildly as if in token of catastrophe. A gleam of sunshine then tints the naked crevices with topaz and causes the caprices of the mountain to yield all their charms.

For more than four hours we travel, skirting the peak, yet without its defining at length and once for all its form, which is rare at every moment, with every kilometer that we advance. We have seen long patches in which the creole sugar-cane, moving under the impulse of a balmy breeze, simulates the undulations of a river. From a great distance, the mass looks like a colossal block, a blackened loaf, whose base merges into the horizon and whose summit pierces the firmament, and which has been set there by the work of an Olympian prodigy. With disheartening slowness we are able to make out here and there the jagged peaks of the sierra, deep and inexplicable sinuosities, like the cracks in some inferno, and when it becomes easier to see it face to face, we observe that the hour is already late. The stark twilight of these fertile plains has

just presented to our eyes a smoked glass that minimizes the panorama. A railway traces a semicircle of several kilometers, winding about the peak as if seeking a weak point at which to assault it, at the precise moment when there comes into vision a row of lights, which, still remote, proclaims the place where the historic town palpitates in its cosmopolitanism, its ambition for a future, its legendary flavor. The darkling mountain, now imperceptible, resembles an enormous bastion that protects Tucumán.

The following day the summit awakens, hidden beneath a tuft of whitish clouds, streaked, formless, oscillating; and I can hardly discern the outlines of the sierra, covered with thick verdure. It matters not that the sky yonder holds, within its mass of vapors, that point which resembles the back of a pachyderm. The clouds here move too precipitately, so that they may shower upon us suddenly a tremendous down-pour or may be severed by the victorious advance of the long sword of gold that the sun thrusts amid them, as if into a morbid and quivering body.

Shortly after one in the afternoon, however, I take my way to the Plaza de Alberdi, whence the steam tramway sets out for the foot of the colossus. While we are awaiting the start of the long train of cars, I devoutly contemplate the white monument erected to the author of *Cartas quillotanas*,² and I am put to the blush: too many reflections crowd one's brain, and one ends by being ashamed to see how the

¹Santiago del Estero, a province of Argentina. —THE EDITOR.

²By Juan Bautista Alberdi: they constitute a famous polemic with Domingo Faustino Sarmiento. —THE EDITOR.

statues of our condors have been made in the small and set in corners where oblivion has sought its abode.

Whereupon, a labored puff announces the presence of the Décauville locomotive, made over, which comes toiling along a cross street to take on the four already mentioned coaches. The noise of the engine has the power to stir one's spirits. From all sides I see appearing in the plaza women dressed in simple garments—starched, some of them; unkempt, those farther away—wholly original types, who hasten toward the train, offering such knick-knacks as are wont to give pleasure to many people.

"*Empanadas!*"³

"*Biscochitos!*"³

"Fresh drinks! Sweet cakes!"

"Juicy apples, at twenty!"

"Here are your cakes, your fresh kid, your *boyos!*"³

After them, a whole army of children comes to assault the platforms and steps with their uproar. Finally, the smokestack of the little engine sends up its sparks as if preparing for a great effort. A very keen, piercing whistle sounds, and the beetle on wheels sets out, climbing continually. It makes its way along the outlying streets. From the houses and through the fences comes the sound of lively chatter, while at the same time most of the passengers are giving vent to strident laughter and telling jokes of heavy caliber. The narrow-gage road twists and winds like an infinite boa-constrictor. The whistling of the panting locomotive keeps up, and we stop from time to time, that passengers, with the greatest possible expenditure of time, may be discharged or taken on, and that one or another person with a sweet tooth may buy one or two *boyitos* or *empanadas*. The air is filled with the smell of ripening fruit. The surroundings are picturesque, and we pass many types that are worthy of an immortal canvas. There

is not wanting the sudden appearance of an automobile loaded with smiling young Tucumanite ladies, who whisk past us with pitying looks, scattering clouds of dust and the echoes of those shouts of laughter that fall on the ear like words of compassionate irony. While the motor-car is disappearing in the direction of the peak, our little mechanical animal continues to climb with a devil of a noise, to the accompaniment of a terrible creaking of parts and dislocating bumps of the springs.

After an hour of climbing along the straight and ascending road, the voice of the guard announces the end of the journey: "Aconquija!" We leave the train, our gaze fixed on the mountain, which opens its bosom there, just a few meters ahead, displaying a tangle of trails and forests. Near at hand, the orchestra of the bar that graces the promenade executes the airs of a *zamba*⁴ as though the soul of the harpist fancies that we are making the climb shedding sentiment.

A charming glade serves as an inclined platform, and beyond it runs the lane that leads upward and sends out many lateral arms.

Tourists, in groups or as individuals, disperse here and there in search of panoramas or points on which to fasten their gaze. The mass that filled the eye from the train now takes on the form of a cordillera. Its brows have cleared. The cortège of clouds floats farther off, so that the great gray head stands out like a sluggard against the serene pallium of the indigo sky.

Walking among the hills, I discover the realm of the sprite, symbolized by the blooming orchards, the gardens overflowing with flowers, the neat, pretty villas perched above the minute table-lands. Toward the west, bent on searching out the hidden things of the sierra, the village of Nugués appears with its aspect of modernity—lively, exquisitely built, with a diversity of architectural caprice—shining like a piece of theatrical scenery, a living polychrome.

Many small dells give shelter to playful kids, and every little while one hears that typical sound of the bell of which Guerra Junqueiro and Ricardo León are wont to

³*Empanadas*: Tucumán is famous for her *empanadas tucumanas*, which are a delicious but none too digestible pastry, after the manner of the New England turnover, filled with different kinds of meats and vegetables, and baked; *biscochitos*, literally, "small biscuits," are sweet cakes of innumerable variety; *boyos* are the ordinary rolls of commerce, intended to be opened and buttered.—THE EDITOR.

⁴A kind of creole dance.—THE EDITOR.

speak to us with so much sentimentalism. Then I quiver with pride, and I would devote myself, as in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to all the iconoclasts of our marvels, in order to cause them to feel and enjoy the supreme pleasure of delighting in these gorges and this foliage—those that spend their substance to procure the artificial emotions of places whose real claims to greatness are to be found in mere worldly routine.

When the light begins to decline, causing the foliage to darken along the hill-sides, the descent is begun, by the route at the foot of which we are to find the toy railway. I observe that all the travelers have their arms filled with flowers—many roses and bunches of ferns. It seems to be a spring pilgrimage, not lacking its tone of melancholy, as on the days devoted to the gathering of flowers for the mausoleums. Upon this sudden impression—aroused

doubtless by the faces of sad and malaria-ridden persons, who perhaps went to the heights in search of health for their bodies—the tones of the harp strike again. Somewhat turbulently awakens the memory of that other bustling world that roars and gnashes its teeth, yonder on the plains of the Plata; and it seems to me that the outlines of the houses of Tucumán that I glimpse through the openings of the trees, there at the foot of the slope, beckon the wanderers to the concert of dissipations that tend to remove us so far from serenity.

Now in the little railway carriage, I turn my head to catch in a look the last suggestion of the sierra. The train starts on its journey, and we begin to roll toward the spot where the peerless head of Juan Bautista Alberdi stands out in the blackness of the night, within a gravely somber fame, as a symbol of light, rising above the sea of human affairs.



DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND¹

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(Continuation)

This story, begun in the August, 1920, number of INTER-AMERICA, is an account of the curious adventures of don Quijote de La Mancha and his sprightly and irrepressible squire, Sancho Panza, whom Uncle Sam has resuscitated in the United States. In order that they may not be left to their own devices, in our real and workaday world, so unreal and incomprehensible to them, Uncle Sam, assisted by many helpers, has created a whimsical realm, with dress, accoutrements, arms and customs drawn from the past, in order that it may constitute a real world suited to the comprehension of his guests, and he has filled it with personages and adventures knightly and strange enough to meet don Quijote's requirements and make him feel more at home in the improvised modern surroundings than he had ever felt in his own Spain of solid fact.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIJOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, AND THE ASTONISHMENT OCCASIONED THE LATTER BY THE ASS'S COLT

UNCLE SAM and his party, who, concealed amid the foliage, had heard with great astonishment all that don Quijote had said and who afterward had seen the fall, were on the point of coming out to his aid, thus spoiling the many surprises planned, but happily for them they restrained themselves, thinking that the tumble had been on soft ground and that don Quijote was not one of the kind to be upset by such a trifle. Sancho, it was, that ran to pick his master up; but don Quijote arose before his squire arrived; and, without paying the slightest attention to the shaking-up, so fixed was he in his madness, he let himself say:

"Hast thou seen, son Sancho, how Rocinante fell without encountering any great obstacle? Things are these of enchantment and sorcery, for only thus can it be explained that so spirited a steed should come down all in a heap and that without apparent cause. I am sure that a certain

knowing enemy of mine, seeing that in the enterprise I had begun, some famous event might occur, stretched in front of my horse an invisible rope, which is a well known trick."

"That your honor should become entangled," said Sancho, "when your honor was trying to put this unfortunate horse into a run? And the miracle would be that he should walk, to say nothing of running!" and pronouncing these words, he hastened to the aid of the horse, who had not yet finished rising.

"Thine eyes are veiled by ignorance," replied don Quijote, while helping Sancho in his task; "for thou dost not recognize Rocinante's nimbleness, and thou standest there making remarks just like the countryman thou art, because, however much I may wish to make thee a squire, thou wilt never cease to be a clodhopper, for a goat takes to the mountain, and a rustic, although his fortune change, a rustic will remain."

"Permit me, your honor, to laugh at Rocinante's nimbleness," said Sancho at this point, "for the case calls for nothing less; and as to proverbs, I see that your honor, in spite of changing them to your liking, also abounds in them; so that you ought no longer to reproach me, for if the abbot is a good singer, his acolyte ought to be so too, in order to keep pace with him."

In the meanwhile and after no little effort, the horse had gotten up, and the squire was cleaning off the dust and trying to set the saddle right, while gazing with

¹In the February number of INTER-AMERICA, page 173, note 1, which referred to Incitatus, this famous horse was erroneously attributed to the Cid Campeador; while on page 174, note 2, the reference made Babieca Caligula's horse. By comparing these notes, it will be seen that the references were transposed in the composing-room. We trust that the shades of these noble steeds will pardon the error.—THE EDITOR.

mocking pity at Rocinante, who, with his long, lean, drooping, scrawny neck, seemed to be reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune. Observing him, Sancho said:

"Much I doubt me, my señor, whether we shall go very far with this steed, and if your honor were not so proud, you ought to mount the gray, with me on behind."

"But hast thou ever heard," said don Quijote, "that knights-errant ride asses? I am still assaulted by certain doubts as to whether even my squire ought to make use of such an animal; but since the gray's antecedents are as honorable as they are, I think we may not question that he is worthy of our emprises and adventures. As for Rocinante, be not surprised at his somewhat melancholy and pitiful aspect, for thou must bear in mind that, since he has been bewitched for so many years, and is so noble and even intelligent an animal and one given to reflection, he must experience some surprise at seeing himself going again on a campaign."

"In that case, it would be expedient," said Sancho, "for us to rest while the señor Rocinante is finishing his reflections and while we are taking time to see how these things are going to turn out, not to mention that I myself am more inclined to have a siesta than to lift my feet from the ground. As to anything causing the old nag (for such he seems to me) to worry over our mishaps, I have many doubts, for as to worrying, the gray can give Rocinante a start and then beat him, for it does not seem, from his aspect, that he is aware of the ill plight in which we have been and still are."

Sancho was trying to cajole his master with this prattle, for with the wine of the luncheon and the heat of midday he was inclined to yield to the importunities of sloth and take a nap; but, as don Quijote was already so stirred, he said in a resolute tone:

"Let us set forth, friend Sancho, for it is not well to leave for to-morrow what can be done to-day, and my heart tells me that this time it will be with greater fortune and advantage."

Saying this, he again mounted the horse and waited for Sancho to come up with the gray. So it turned out; but the so-called gray was somewhat skittish and ill-tem-

pered, they learned later; for when Sancho got on him, the rascal began to kick his heels in the air so continually and in such an inconsiderate manner that Sancho threw himself on the ground for fear that something worse would happen, and, catching the ass by the bridle, he came up with don Quijote.

"What does this mean, Sancho? Why hast thou dismounted?" don Quijote asked him.

"Because I have no mind to break my ribs," answered Sancho. "Has not your honor seen the leaps and kicks to which this cursed animal is treating himself?"

"Yes; I see them; but such fears seem ill suited to the servant of a knight-errant."

"Well or ill they can seem to others," answered Sancho; "but it seems to me a good deal worse to have my body dashed against the ground and a bone put out of place, when there is no physician about or even a makeshift leech in these parts to set one's bones or apply poultices."

"Childish fears are these," said don Quijote; "for well dost thou know that if I but give thee a swallow of the balsam that I compound and which, as soon as I reach the first castle, I shall set myself to prepare, these bruises will be healed as if by magic."

"God deliver me from again tasting that devilish medicine," said Sancho. "What! Does your honor no longer remember its peculiar quality? But, passing to something else, for, to my good fortune, I have no need of such beverages, does your honor know that I am beginning to suspect that this ass's colt, with such an evil disposition and with so many tricks, is not the gray nor anything like him? The other, mine, raised at my breast, as it were, although it may not be proper for me to say it, was gentle, humble and disposed to put up with just anything in the way of food; in no wise frisky, he had a good gait, even if not much spirit, which was not necessary, as he took after the character of his master in good nature and moderation."

"That it is not the gray, dost thou say?" replied don Quijote. "Dost not perceive that thine eyes are bandaged? Know then that the ass is as much the gray as the horse is Rocinante, only that, by way of

jest, exactly as in the many cases described in the histories, some sorcerer, bent on knavery and mockery, bestowed upon the gray Rocinante's spirit, and on Rocinante the mild disposition of the ass's colt."

"This does not seem to me to be badly thought out," answered Sancho; "but as for myself, I may say that it would not be easy for me to risk myself again on this ass (with pardon, be it said), at once so suspicious and so capable of such evil airs. To the first gipsy or at the first fair we may chance upon, I shall try to sell him, and not for a song, either, for things penetrate through the eyes, and this scamp of a gray outshines the morning-star."

"I will not consent to it," said don Quijote; "away with thy fears! Thou wilt see that now, since the trick of having changed the quality of the animals has been discovered (for when such tricks are designed for mockery, it is sufficient but to make them known), nothing more will happen."

"So then your honor will be responsible, and there will be no risk in mounting him again?"

"And I will be responsible to such an extent that thou wilt at once convince thyself by mounting this good beast."

Sancho hesitated, in spite of the assertions of his master, but, following at length the counsel of his innate laziness, he ended by becoming convinced of what don Quijote had said to him, and so, after crossing himself devoutly, he again got on, yet with such timidity and caution that he hardly let the colt feel his weight. Whether it was on this account or because the ass had no desire to cut any more capers, he followed meekly, and Rocinante began to move quietly; and master and servant, in good peace and companionship, entered an agreeable country road.

CHAPTER XII

WHICH TREATS OF THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE FIGHT THAT THE BRAVE DON QUIJOTE HAD WITH THE GAUDY KNIGHT OF THE DOLLAR

Our two travelers were jogging along serenely, discussing the beauty and picturesqueness of the gardens with playing

fountains and summer-houses and groves that gladdened the sight on either hand, when they heard coming toward them a great crowd of people in armed array, on spirited chargers and with a show of battle.

"We have an adventure!" said don Quijote, and he at once adjusted his shield, secured his morion, grasped his lance, and, planting himself in the middle of the road, tightened the reins on Rocinante and cried with a martial air to those that came on: "Stand back, señores knights, if such ye be, for it is not well to come in such a multitude and pellmell along so narrow a way!"

"For the love of God!" said Sancho. "Leave off, your honor, looking for a quarrel, for these that are coming seem to be military gentry and warlike, and your honor is not in trim to deal out favors."

Whereupon those of the approaching party seemed to hold back, according to appearances, much surprised at seeing don Quijote, who closed the road to them in an attitude of challenge. The leaders of the party were dressed in a curious and motley attire, in the style of the middle ages, with shining armor, many plumes and lances and cross-bows. When he saw them, don Quijote understood that they were knights-errant, and, putting aside his anger, he made them a courteous salute, which they returned with great inclinations of their heads.

"Might I be favored with the knowledge of the direction in which your excellencies are going?" our adventurer said to them with a noble mien.

"There is no secret about it," replied one of the interrogated, who seemed to be the captain or leader of the party.

"From what may be observed," remarked don Quijote, "you belong to the order of knight-errantry."

"It is as your honor says," replied the one that represented the party; "and this is the hour in which we are going in quest of a certain famous adventure."

"Right pleased am I to hear it," said don Quijote, "for, like your honors, behold me also dedicated to the service of arms; and if the adventure of which you speak is so hazardous as to require my participation and assistance, I should be greatly pleased

to join your company, always and provided that it be not a question of a secret that may only be known to your honors."

"I am delighted!" answered the unknown, and thrusting aside his cloak to salute with his hat, he exposed a blue doublet trimmed with gold, red small-clothes slashed with yellow, while his whole attire was adorned with handsome buttons made of gold coins, pure and shining; and then, as if to show off his rich, albeit overwrought garb, he added with presumptuous haughtiness:

"Before going forward, it were well that your honor know (although I doubt not you are aware of it) that I am the Knight of the Dollar, whom fame heralds as the most gallant and doughty knight of modern times."

"By my troth, never heard I mention of any such," said don Quijote, not without a certain contempt; "but let us return to the adventure, which is what interests me."

"As to the adventure," replied the Knight of the Dollar, "it is very dangerous and it requires not a little daring."

"So I understand," returned don Quijote, "for had it not been as your honor says, little could I be induced to undertake it. So then, what is on foot? For I am listening, señor knight?"

He that was called the Knight of the Dollar threw himself back in the saddle and answered with unnecessary emphasis:

"The truth is, my señor, that I and these that accompany me, and who, be it said in passing, might stand against the twelve peers of France, weary of hearing of a certain ill-famed or ill-doing knight that is said to be invincible, have fared us forth in search of him throughout these parts, and, devil take it! we shall find him and even conquer and subdue him."

"Has he done you any evil?" asked don Quijote calmly.

"Not one but many, for it is common knowledge that he goes about challenging all those he encounters by the way, and giving it out that by none will he be vanquished, with many other scoundrelly tricks and acts of knavery that may not be recounted; and his rascality and braggadocio do not stop at this, but this demon of a fellow (for he seems to be more

that than knight) was enchanted for long years under spell of the wise Merlin, for the greater tranquillity of the universal world; but the truth is that, thanks to the friendship and protection of a certain sorcerer, he reached the climax, a few days ago, of making light of Merlin and of setting at naught his wiles, and he roams through these regions, committing outrages of every kind and brandishing sword and lance from pure roguery and devilment."

As the Knight of the Dollar progressed with his harangue, don Quijote knit his brows, and Sancho stood with his mouth open; and, after a moment, don Quijote, making an expressive gesture, said with contempt:

"And have so many come forth in search of one alone?"

"The case calls for it," replied the Knight of the Dollar.

"Then I say to you that the rascality is on the part of your honors," asserted don Quijote; "but, before going farther in this affair, I should be much pleased to know the name of the hidalgo that thus threatens you."

"They call him don Quijote de La Mancha, and he carries on his blazonry the motto, 'Knight of the Sad Figure,'" replied the Knight of the Dollar; "and if your honor would have more indications, know you that he serves a lady that is called doña Dulcinea del Toboso."

"I was already suspecting as much," said don Quijote with a haughty air, "and your honor will not have to travel far, for . . . you have found don Quijote; and he would fain measure his arms with yours, whether you be more than a hundred and as daring and as tried as those of the Table Round or the doughty Nine of the Fable."

The Knight of the Dollar manifested great astonishment on hearing these words, and he exclaimed immediately: "Then your honor is the Knight of the Sad Figure and of the Lions, and the love-lorn gallant of doña Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Yes; I am he," assented don Quijote; "and be assured that you will have to confess that it was unheard of scoundrelism and wanton effrontery, all that you have uttered, señor Knight of the Dollar or of

the devil, respecting both my person and my name."

Without awaiting more replies, our brave hidalgo took a good stretch of road; and, setting his lance in place, made ready to attack his adversary.

"Hold, señor don Quijote!" hastily said the latter. "Come now, your honor, we can reach an understanding, and evil would be the plight, if I and the gentlemen that accompany me should accept the challenge that your honor makes us. Before we cross arms, it behooves us to agree upon conditions, according to the usage of the modern duel or challenge in which judges or seconds must have a part."

"What conditions are these?" exclaimed don Quijote. "Fear, it were better that you said; for it is not for hidalgos to give any heed to difficulties or advantages or disadvantages of judges and long gowns when it is a question of fighting, for I recognize no other conditions in combat than fierceness in attack and vigor in thrusting."

When he saw how resolute don Quijote was, the Knight of the Dollar made a sign to his retinue to form on the right and left of him at the moment of don Quijote's onslaught, to let him pass and then to fall upon and disarm him and force him to declare himself vanquished; but our brave Knight of La Mancha, in the twinkling of an eye, lifted Rocinante's reins, urged him on with great boldness and fury, and, before his opponents had time to prepare, he came upon them with such impetuosity and daring that his horse upset that of the Knight of the Dollar, yet not without don Quijote's delivering the knight such a thrust with his lance that he brought him to the ground. In the meanwhile, the other horses crowded in together, for they were naturally spirited and restless. Rocinante went head foremost among them, don Quijote tumbled off, and in the midst of the confusion that resulted from the rearing and plunging of the startled chargers, our peerless Knight of La Mancha, covered all over with dust, and frowning and fierce, rose with a spring and going to where lay the Knight of the Dollar, who was stretched bruised and half dead, aimed his lance at him and spoke on this wise:

"Hasten, your honor, to declare your-

self vanquished, if you be not minded to render up your soul at this very moment!"

When they beheld the danger that threatened their companion at the hands of this out and out madman, the other horsemen sprang from their saddles and ran to the assistance of the fallen hero, telling don Quijote that all of them, and not alone the Knight of the Dollar, confessed themselves vanquished on a fair field, and bidding him to refrain from making an end of their companion; for if he did not answer, it was because he was at the point of death.

Whereupon don Quijote calmed down, and raising his lance with a grave gesture, he said: "Since you yield thus, I only have to say to you that you must go to Toboso to present your homage to the peerless Dulcinea, in order that she may, in turn, do with and dispose of your persons as may seem best to her."

They promised to obey don Quijote in all that he might be pleased to command of them; and what would they not promise in view of the notorious fiasco in which they had taken part, when it had been their plan to make light of the good hidalgo with a mock adventure, one that had cost them so dear!

Without remembering any longer their parts in the comedy, they gave their attention to the Knight of the Dollar, who lay badly hurt, with his nose mashed and more than one bone out of joint. They bandaged him up the best they could and set him on his horse and made off at once, more than crestfallen over the defeat, while don Quijote remained on the field and with lordly gravity again mounted his horse, leaving Sancho overwhelmed by such matchless prowess.

Uncle Sam and the members of his court—who were the ones that had worked up the affair of the meeting, with the certainty that, with as many horsemen as they had in the party, they would be able to repeat without danger a scene like that of the Knight of the Black Moon—could not recover from their astonishment, for, expecting to be able to put don Quijote to flight, it turned out that they were the ones to take to their heels, even shamefully, and greatly shocked to think that they had exposed to such danger the one known as

the Knight of the Dollar, who was none other than the same youthful and good-looking young man, the lively Uncle Sam, the lord of the United States.

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIJOTE AND SANCHE REGARDING THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLLAR, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY TO BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT

The master was so satisfied with the affair and the servant so astounded over it that, without saying a word, and giving their horses their heads, they rode along a good piece, each going over to himself the happy occurrence, until Sancho said:

"Sure enough, this has been a famous adventure."

"Not so famous," replied don Quijote, "for other greater ones and more daring shall I achieve in this new turn of events."

"I delight in these plans," said Sancho; "but always and provided they yield more returns, for I am not unaware that on this occasion your honor fell into the error of not taking booty, as is the usage and custom; for such knights as those we have vanquished ought to pay well in money and in goods, and without haggling over terms. We ought to agree that in the future your honor shall take charge of the feats of arms, which, as may be observed, is not a thing that bothers you; and I, as a more peaceful person and therefore in charge of the equipment and service of your honor, shall take it in hand to look after the booty."

"Thou art talking nonsense," said don Quijote; "for knights-errant neither take booty of war nor do they give a thought to such base things."

"Base, indeed!" exclaimed Sancho. "It seems the most natural thing in the world that since one runs the risk, it would be proper that he should receive the reward; for one should make a good sum when he lends his drum; and if not, tell me, your honor, is it not true that in the wars, all the music of heroisms and all the hal-lujahs of honor end up with the collection

of good doubloons and the best arable lands and even towns and cities?"

"It is as thou sayest," answered don Quijote; "but we knights-errant fight for honor alone, which goes not well with any money reward, which is something that soils and belittles."

"Away with such pragmatics!" exclaimed Sancho, and then he added: "Tell me, your honor, do knights-errant eat air? Do they perhaps clothe themselves with fig leaves, as, according to common report, our father Adam did? Every need must be met, and only fools go about wasting their time and running into danger, as we are doing in these adventures, to come forth later with much honor and without a farthing, which is as if one should say: It is all right with thee, O heart. Do be convinced, your honor, that the first thing is sustenance: when the stomach growls one loses his courage; necessity wears the face of heresy; and love mates not well with hunger. I, for my part, can say that without a well ordered stomach, I believe not on honors, nor even in honesty, which is something better within my reach."

"Do not run on so, Sancho; do not run on so," said don Quijote, who was in a cheerful mood; "and I tell thee not to run on so, for thou art father to more nonsense than thou hast inside thee. Thou must know that as to this question of honor, not all are able to understand it, for honey was not made for the ass's mouth."

"I must be an ass then," replied Sancho, "for I can not understand such subtilities as those uttered by your honor, nor much less can I see the reason why knights-errant should be in the world, if they are not to derive any benefit for their estate and that of their allies."

"But thou wilt understand little by little," said don Quijote, "all this that thy slight discernment calls subtilities. According to the squirely law it is necessary that thou shouldst follow thy master even in thinking and feeling." Then, with a tranquil voice, he added: "Knights-errant are, friend Sancho, the natural defenders of justice and honor, and their actions are never shaped with a view to their own advantage, for if so, they would

lose all merit. Virtues, to be such, must not be rewarded by lucre or other remuneration, for, if they are, they must be called selfishness and not virtues. So, the largess that succors the needy; the humility that pardons injuries; the chastity that refrains from following the evil counsels of the flesh; the patience that bears with complaisancy the hardships of an unkindly fortune; the temperance that limits itself to proper nourishment, avoiding luxury, which predisposes to evil instincts; the diligence that loathes its enemy, slothfulness; and, finally, the charity that is the love that dignifies and exalts everything: all these virtues together harvest neither goods nor money; but, on the other hand, they will obtain their due reward when God shall be pleased to grant it."

"So it seems," said Sancho, at this point. "But let me say, your honor, that when one least expects it, up jumps the hare, and that virtues themselves have their own method and reward, for they have their own way of collecting from our Lord, whether in this life or the other. What is certain is that the dog dances for silver, and the master for gold and everything, and the wisdom of the so-called virtues lies in the advantage that can be extracted from them; for if it were not so, little could be got by being Christian persons."

"*Proposilio sua falsa est*," answered don Quijote. "The consequences and not an end are the benefits that accrue to the good man, for such a one sets all his store on loving God and therefore on serving him; for this and naught besides is the endeavor of him that truly loves, whether or not he be encouraged by the hope of receiving reward. Here thou beholdest me, captive to Dulcinea, with no greater satisfaction than the not insignificant one of serving and honoring her, whether or not she deign to cast her eyes upon this enamored gentleman. Understand, friend Sancho, that the virtues (and love is the compendium and sum of them all) presuppose forgetfulness and even contempt of self, to such an extreme that they elevate and strengthen us, and if there result any benefit at last and as a consequence, this comes by way of good measure, which is, as one might say, by grace and mercy."

"And tell me, my señor don Quijote," asked Sancho, "do what you call virtues pertain also to knights-errant?"

"They belong to them so thoroughly," replied don Quijote, "that the knight-errant is the mirror of them all."

"At that rate," remarked Sancho, not without a certain waggishness, "it were better that your honor should build yourself a hermitage and devote yourself to being a saint, for, at least, we should not run so much risk and encounter so many adventures; and it might be that I would undertake to serve you, although I have not the fingers of an organist; for I have a better eye for the needs of this life than for those of the other, and a bird in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing, and better is one 'Help yourself' than two 'I shall give you.'"

"There is a difference, in means if not in essence, between the saint and the knight-errant," said don Quijote quietly, without giving any heed to his squire's proverbs. They both address themselves to the same end, only the saint has as his weapons prayers and penitence, and he wars against his own nature, while the knight-errant uses a lance and a sword to fight the vices of mankind; and thus the supreme Maker has in his service diverse legions that represent his mercy and his justice on earth. Not only saints, but also warriors and sages and poets as well—when they do not pervert the gifts with which nature has seen fit to favor them, but employ them rather in serving humanity with disinterested unselfishness—follow, without knowing it, the order of knight-errantry. So, rulers, like Pericles the magnificent; warriors, like the Macedonian and Augustus Cæsar; apostles like Paul of Tarsus, Christ's eloquent and valiant paladin; scholars, like him of Hippo, the eagle of the science of sciences and the master of the episcopate; pontiffs, like Hildebrand the reformer; founders, like Saint Francis of Assisi, both human and divine, a lover of nature in the highest degree, the imitator of the inimitable and the impassioned singer of the Virgin Poverty; poets, like the admirable Florentine, seer of immortality and enamored to the extreme of traveling throughout infinity in search of his lady; in short, all the noble company

of exalted servers of the human race, who took no thought for their own good, are, in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, just so many other knights-errant, the honor and glory of all the ages."

"Although such grandeurs and excellences as your honor mentions concern me by no means," said Sancho after a moment, "it strikes me, my señor don Quijote, that this thing of taking up the quarrels of others, while forgetting one's own, is an affair of persons without intelligence, I mean, crazy folk; and such gentlemen as those of whom your honor speaks, if not altogether witless, must at least have been of the kind called lunatics, who are many and go about unhindered, without any one's laying hands on them; because not for nothing has it been said that every madman has his theme; and, give plenty of room to the crazy man and the air; and one fool makes a hundred, which is what, according to my thinking, is happening in the case of your honor, and worse yet, for it could be said here that a hundred fools make one, and this one is your honor, who is bent on frankly following the steps of all those lunatics or madmen about whom you have just spoken."

"Madmen, they were, indeed," said don Quijote; "for such appear to the multitude the great strugglers, the heralds of God on earth: fatuous, because they do not possess the wisdom of selfishness that is taught by the ants; stupid, because they can not be comprehended by the sordid brains of human moles; silly, because they fight without truce in the realm of goodness and righteousness. Know then that if this be madness and fatuousness and folly, I hold it an honor to be counted in this number, even if there come upon me a torrent of misadventures and calamities; for such calamities are transitory and have to do with the mortal and corruptible body alone, a vessel in which the spirit is chastened, as the precious metal is purified in the crucible."

"The fool knows more in his own house than the wise man knows in the house of another," said Sancho, "and there is no disputing over tastes; for if your honor chooses and is pleased to be called foolish, well and good; but as for me, I stick to my wits, and every fool has his theme, as I said before."

The conversation of the two horsemen had reached this point when they made out, a short distance ahead, a lake surrounded by clumps of fresh trees; and the lake, under the splendor of the sun, which was already taking its course toward the west, shone like a mirror. Don Quijote was pleased to gaze for a moment at the beautiful spectacle presented by the lake, and then he said:

"If I be not deceived, this lake that is visible here is the very lake of Ruidera, and the story runs that it is enchanted, according to the histories."

"Let us not go near it then," said Sancho, "because, as for enchantments, we have had enough with what we have already tasted."

"Let us try to assure ourselves," replied don Quijote, "for if the hypothesis that it is enchanted be correct, it will soon be shown by some appearance or circumstance."

"And how are we going to find out?"

"How are we going to find out? Knowest not that if it be Ruidera, Merlin, who is the wise one that enchanted it, ought to be roaming about here."

"Merlin, does your honor say; and would your honor have us stir him up? No; not for the life of you!"

"Laugh at Merlin," said don Quijote, "for his tricks are well known to me, and if he dared to stand before us, I should give a good account of his person."

"I tell your honor not to be running into any such adventure," replied Sancho; "for it is like trying to find three feet to a cat, or kicking against the pricks, and it were better that we go back along this walk, playing the part of the wise."

Don Quijote gave no heed to Sancho's exhortations, nor did he consider going back, whether or not he were threatened by all the wise men and sorcerers of the world, so carried away was he with the idea of the enchanted lake; and, setting out rapidly toward it, after passing through three rows of trees that formed a sort of border around it, they saw on its shores a boat, in the style of a Venetian gondola, all in mourning, with black, drooping sails and a banner of the same color; and this banner had in the middle an embroidered shield of gold, with many quarterings and lambrequins. Seated

in the bow was a boatman, who appeared to be Charon himself, to judge by his aspect, more like a phantasm than like a man, all in black garments and in an attitude as sorrowful and pensive as if he were awaiting there the souls of the dead, to carry them to the other side of the Acheron. When don Quijote saw the funereal craft and the funereal boatman, without being startled, he urged Rocinante on, while Sancho tried with all his might to hold back the gray; but, as the latter was of a stubborn turn, as has been said, he disobeyed his rider and kept after the horse. When they were within a few feet of the shore, the boatman arose and began to shout, saying:

"Stop, daring traveler, and come not hither to these enchanted shores where I, unhappy, wait from dawn to dawn and dusk to dusk!"

So fearful and anguished was the voice that don Quijote was moved, and he said with a pitying accent:

"Speak, brother, for if your ills are capable of remedy, I am here to offer it."

This apparition caused Sancho's hair to stand on end, and moisture to trickle from his pores, and he besought his master to flee, for God's sake, as the one that cried out thus was a soul in torment or perhaps the devil himself in disguise, who would fall upon them as soon as they drew near; but don Quijote, startled and dumbfounded, but unafraid, sprang from his horse, went toward the boat and stretching out his neck, began to say with a hoarse and cavernous voice:

"I entreat thee in the name of God, O fearsome boatman, to tell me if thou art of this or the other world!"

"Neither of this nor of the other," answered the boatman.

Don Quijote was plunged in wonder at this reply, and Sancho began to cross himself again and again, as if trying to frighten away the devil, when the boatman spoke out thus:

"Now since you have been so bold and daring as to come to this enchanted lake, withdraw quickly, if you also do not wish to be enchanted or dead, perhaps; for it were well that you should know that for long ages no traveler has come here, and that, woe is me! for long ages also, I have

been awaiting on these shores a certain knight-errant, who, according to the communications of the oracles and the pytho-nesses, must arrive on his horse Rocinante to redress the most outrageous wrong ever recorded by the histories, as well of the past as of the present centuries."

"Behold then that now has arrived the knight of whom the oracles and the pytho-nesses spoke," said don Quijote, all erect and determined.

Hearing him, the boatman sprang to the land with his arms raised, and saying in a loud voice: "Welcome then, señor knight, and tell me at once whether you are don Quijote de La Mancha!"

"That very knight himself," replied our hidalgo, with natural dignity, and then the boatman, without more ado, prostrated himself on the ground at the feet of don Quijote and began to make great show of admiration and delight, in spite of the efforts made by don Quijote to cause him to rise, or the rambling questions of Sancho, who had not recovered from his astonishment; until, after a long interval of exclamations and obeisances, the boatman got up, and all three seated themselves on a rockery, very cunningly constructed, that was at hand; and don Quijote and Sancho became all ears, while the boatman related what can be learned by him who reads the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF QUIVIRA, AND THE FEAR AND ANGUISH EXPERIENCED BY SANCHE IN HIS ADVENTURE

After much coughing and settling of himself, and after looking at don Quijote and then looking at him again, and with repeated signs of wonder and joy, the boatman began his story in the following manner:

"Your honor must know, señor don Quijote, that some four centuries ago, a few years more or a few years less, there lived in these states the king of Quivira, lord of great peoples, and famous alike for his power and his wealth, which far surpassed that of Cræsus himself. In case it may not have reached the ears of your honor, it

will be well for me to explain that of the cities of Quivira, five even were made of solid gold, from the foundations to the roofs, with trimmings of precious stones and great store of diamonds and fine pearls."

Sancho listened to the story with his mouth agape, and, unable to restrain himself, he asked the boatman:

"But is what you are saying true, brother boatman, or is it what we call a yarn from *The One Thousand Nights*?"

"You mean *The Thousand and One Nights*,"² corrected don Quijote, and then he said: "True and very true is what this discreet boatman says, for such things are related of more than one kingdom of antiquity and even of modern times."

"I shall go on with my story," said the boatman, "and you, señor Panza, offer no objections, for very soon, with your own eyes, you will become convinced of how true is all this narrative, which now seems to be a thing of dreams. The truth is that this king of Quivira had a daughter, young and beautiful above everything and, by way of good measure, heiress to the crown and the states, for male children the royal family had none. Great, and rightly so, was the fame of the kingdom, and no less so was that of the royal princess, to such a degree that stories of her extended beyond the mountains and across the seas, enlarged and emended in passing from mouth to mouth and from place to place; and there chanced the accident or coincidence (for so are things disposed for great events) that a Castilian gentleman—who fared him forth in those days in many enterprises of coming and going, of discovering and conquering these so-called virgin lands—became informed of the existence of the kingdom and of the beauty and reputation of the lady. When he heard the news, without hesitating an instant, the daring knight embarked upon the hazardous enterprise of subduing the kingdom and winning the favor of the noble princess; but so hidden was the coveted land among desolate fastnesses of rock and dense forests, and so skilful and sanguinary were the wandering aborigines of the environs

that this Castilian hidalgo underwent greater labors than those of Hercules, in struggling with unrelenting nature and the savage hordes of red and bronzed Indians. The name and fame of his prowess as the chief adventurer (without affront to the one present) were left in this country by the señor Cabeza de Vaca (for such was the name of the Spaniard), who, after much discovery and exploration of unknown regions, ended by shaking hands with the kingdom of Quivira, which he believed to be a thing of fancy and illusion; and, as he was a knight-errant and an adventurer, he turned toward the south, where to the Spanish hidalgo was attributed the conquest of El Dorado and of the richest empires of the Aztecs and the Incas. There were not wanting, in those times, other adventurers of noble Iberia that roamed these regions, opening trails and discovering rivers, lakes and cordilleras, at such risk and with so much boldness that more than one of them laid down their lives, yet with no meed of glory, as is related of the very chivalrous and gentle don Hernando de Soto, a knight of greater luster than the Amadis and Belianises, so great was he as a paladin and gallant.

However, in the meanwhile the king of Quivira, aware of the presence of these adventurers, entered into counsel with the diviners and soothsayers, and from them he learned that the hand of the princess was destined for a certain valiant Castilian, a circumstance that threw the king, jealous for his lineage, into great indignation and alarm, to such an extreme that he ordered the diviners and necromancers to place a spell of enchantment upon the whole kingdom before this prediction could be fulfilled. This command was obeyed, and it would take long to relate the way and manner in which the kingdom of Quivira became enchanted, with all its wealth and population. It is sufficient for your honors, in the interest of brevity, to know that this lake appeared on the borders and confines of the enchanted kingdom, and that I, who was one of the diviners and a consulter of the oracles, came to remain as the boatman, with the order and countersign, as was prognosticated by the oracles immediately after the transformation and enchantment,

²A literal translation of the Spanish form of the title of the work that we call *The Arabian Nights*.—THE EDITOR.

on condition, in spite of my will and patience, that I should wait years and centuries until the arrival of your honor, señor don Quijote de La Mancha, since even from that day was famous throughout the whole world the name of the Knight of the Sad Figure, the righter of wrongs and the redresser of injuries."

"An unheard of case is the one you relate, brother," said don Quijote, "and you must tell me at once whether the oracle said anything about the way of righting so huge a wrong and of breaking this devilish enchantment."

"I was coming to that," said the boatman. "The oracles said that your honor would arrive on your noble charger Rocinante and with your squire, Sancho Panza, and that the two of you, master and servant, were to enter this boat (I was instructed to conduct you); and on reaching the opposite shore, the marvelous events and the astonishing adventures of your honor would begin and would continue until your honor should issue victorious . . . or be enchanted also, it being provided that your gallantry would receive as a prize and recompense the kingdom of Quivira and the hand of the princess, my lady."

"As to issuing victorious, whatever the dangers and pitfalls contrived by the devil (if it be true that the devil himself has a hand in this plot), you can consider it finished and done, brother boatman; but as to recompensing me with the kingdom, this is something that matters not a fig to me; and as to the part that relates to the hand of the princess, God knows right well that I should be delighted at so signal an honor, if I were free and master of my person, which belongs, in good sooth, only to Dulcinea."

"A fine state of affairs!" said Sancho. "Therefore we must keep an eye out for what is disagreeable and not for what is agreeable. Your honor is crazy, tying things up, as you are, with such foolish talk, just when they are being untied for us; but, in short, since the crown makes my señor master gag, and the princess is repugnant to him, the thing for us to do is to return by the way we came, as we shall gain nothing by sailing away in this boat of the dead. Then, your honor, let us face about as soon

as possible, and leave to this señor boatman his story and his craft, waiting until the day of judgment for travelers with better gullets than ours."

"Not because I may not wish to be the king of Quivira," said don Quijote, "nor much less because it is denied me to aspire to the hand of the royal princess, would I renounce the adventure that the oracles predicted for my honor; quite on the contrary, I am ready to undertake it with more boldness and spirit than if it held life and fortune for me. To work then, brother boatman; lead on apace, for I feel already the glow of blood that craves battle."

"Let your honor reflect on the affair in hand, señor don Quijote," said the boatman, seeking to daunt our hidalgo; "for it were well if you knew that this is no ordinary adventure, but a most grave and bloody one; for not one but many will be enemies against whom you must go, and they will not be wrapped in wool."

"All the better it pleases me!" said don Quijote. "Did you think, perhaps, señor don Prudent, that my mind could harbor the baseness of fear? Then I say that it is scoundrelly even to suppose it. That there are fortresses to be assaulted and castles to be laid low, knights to vanquish and armies to disperse? Let there be and welcome! For one knight-errant is sufficient in himself alone to overcome all kinds of difficulties and dangers, and to tame sorcerers and enemies by the thousand, in the service of the order and dignity to which he owes allegiance."

"Your honor must know what you are doing," said Sancho ruefully; "but as for counting on me, you may not do it; I do not budge from here, even if they smear me with honey."

"This can not be," said the boatman, "for the señor de Panza ought to know that the oracles have prognosticated that the Knight of the Sad Figure must be accompanied by his gallant squire."

"Then they shall keep their prognostic, these gentlemen," answered Sancho. "Nothing more was wanted than that they should mix me up in these affairs! What have I to do with such lies (for lies they seem to me to be, those that you are telling, brother boatman); and when did I have

either pacts or compacts to meddle in the affairs of this devil of a Princess Remilgos? And by what penny am I indebted to the king of Pelagatos?"

"Silence, rattlepate," said don Quijote, "for thou art not worthy even to name royal personages!"

"How now, señor Panza!" added the boatman. "Does your honor hesitate to undertake this adventure, when everybody knows that as soon as it shall be concluded, with a happy outcome, they will make you a count or a marquis, according to your will and pleasure."

"And if there be no happy outcome?" asked Sancho.

"If there be none," answered the boatman, "you will die with honor or you will become decorously enchanted."

"But I do not wish to die or to become enchanted; for that about honor and decorum are affairs of the other Thursday, and an old dog can not be coaxed."

"Enough!" said don Quijote, who began to become impatient. "You will go, Sancho, although you may not wish to, and with your mouth closed, for a sorry figure would a knight-errant cut that went without a squire on so great an adventure."

"But you would not go without one," said Sancho, "for now, since this señor of the boat is so bent on getting us into this difficulty, I yield and transfer to him the position of squire, with all its emoluments and returns, uses, customs, rights and servitudes, not to mention the marquisate and earldom and all the consequent favors, and I remain here as don Nobody, and very much to my pleasure; for the solitary ox can lick himself very well, and Juan Segura³ lived many years."

"With all my soul I would accept the exchange," said the boatman; "but the truth is, brother Sancho, that in order to bring the enchantment of Quivira to an end and conclusion, the legitimate squire must fulfil the mission that the oracles have intrusted to him."

"Let there be no more chatter and nonsense," said don Quijote at this point; "for not on account of thy lout's fears, unworthy squire, would I let escape me

such an event as my good fortune offers; and now, since the oracles demand that thou follow me, there is no other remedy than to make a heart of thy stomach."

"God help me!" said Sancho; "but behold, your honor, my señor don Daring, that it is great foolishness, neither more nor less, to undertake to overcome the wiles of evil sorcery and redress the wrongs of the condemned, for one and the same thing seem the lies recounted by this doleful boatman, who at an evil hour chanced upon us. I say to your honor that if we thrust ourselves into this embroglio—as there is never a redeemer that does not come off crucified, although mum be the word—we shall end up with clubbings and drubbings, if not by being flayed like kids; for these pleasantries smell of deceit and trickery. As for myself, I can say that you will have to take me as a captive on this adventure, and not by my own will; and if your honor does not yield, I am going to return to La Mancha by way of the Sierra Morena, for by inquiring one can travel as far as Rome."

"Unseemly are such suspicions in so intelligent a person as the señor Panza," said the boatman; "but to my delight and for the disconcertion of the malicious don Sancho, it will not be long before he will be convinced that everything I have already said is true and very true, and to such degree that these same doubts and suspicions were prognosticated and foreseen by the oracle, which arranged that if the squire, from thoughtlessness or suspicion, should attempt to flee the affair, his feet and hands should be bound immediately and he be wrapped in a blanket tied round and round and tossed into the lake for ages and ages."

"Therefore this was said by the great son of a scoundrel," said Sancho. "Then know, señor boatman, that I am not so meek and that if any one attempt to bind me, I shall not leave him a rib in its place."

Without saying a word, the boatman took out a silver trumpet, and blowing with all his might, he produced certain loud notes on it. Whereupon there appeared among the trees seven fellows in motly, dressed in scarlet small-clothes and yellow doublets, who approached the shore, mak-

³"Juan Safe," or as one might say, "Juan Safety First."—THE EDITOR.

ing faces and grimaces. Sancho was terrified when he saw them, and the grand rascals, after making a genuflection to don Quijote, drew out some barbed cords, and jumping about and shouting, they made as if to bind the squire, who fled for succor to his master's side, loudly beseeching him to defend him from those demons.

"Back, there!" said don Quijote, "for I will never permit any one to lay hand on my squire; and if you do not immediately be gone from here, señores devils or whatsoever you may be, I shall make you pay right dear for this brazen hardihood."

Don Quijote was preparing to attack with his lance, when the boatman blew his trumpet again, and the so-called demons disappeared in an opening and a shutting of the eyes.

"The señor Sancho sees now," said the boatman, "that there is no deceit or trickery in what I have said, and that your honor will have to follow your master with pleasure or by force."

"With pleasure it will be," said don Quijote; "and have no fear, my son, for sound and whole shall I bring thee forth from this adventure, although in it shall intervene Merlin himself, who, to my seeming, has a hand in this affair, and for whom the occasion has arrived for teaching a lesson."

Sancho saw that, willy-nilly, he would have to follow his master, and he said with great humility:

"One must make the best of what can not

be bettered; but let my master and also let this boatman (whom God confound!) know that the first time the swords begin to fly, I take to my legs, like a greyhound, because every fellow is the master of his fear and he knows what is best for him."

"Thou wilt do nothing of the sort," said don Quijote, "for that would be unworthy of a servant like thee with plenty of fighting blood."

"I with fighting blood?" exclaimed Sancho, very much astonished. "I never had nor shall ever have; for that always has seemed to me the better reason that runs, 'It is better that they should say: *Hence fled Mr. So-and-So*, rather than: *Here died Mr. So-and-So*.'"

"In order that no more of your honor's precious time may be lost, let this adventure begin," said the boatman at this point; and drawing the boat toward the shore, he besought don Quijote to enter. The knight did so, and, as soon as he had prayed a paternoster, the servant also entered, and last of all the boatman. Don Quijote remained standing; Sancho made himself as small as possible in the bow; and the boatman gave a turn to the machine that was located in what is called the stern; and to the great surprise of the master and the servant, the boat began to pull away from the shore without the aid of oar or sail, which thoroughly convinced Sancho of the enchantment of the kingdom of Quivira, and of the truth of all that had been said previously by the boatman.

(To be continued)



SUPAY-CHACA

A QUECHUA LEGEND

BY

F. DE OLIVEIRA CÉZAR

The folk-lore of America is well nigh inexhaustible, varying, naturally, with the number and character of the aborigines and the nature of the surroundings. While much has been lost for ever, with the disappearance of the primitive peoples and their institutions, probably some of the richest veins still remain undiscovered and untouched. Spasmodic and unrelated essays have been made, and local, tribal or national collections exist, but no general, systematic and thorough plan has been worked out or applied. Is it not high time for learned societies and foundations to turn their attention in this direction?

The Hispanic type of mind, alive to romance and sensitive to environment, has been particularly felicitous in its method of gathering and presenting local legends. The author of the following presents happy illustration of the faculty.—THE EDITOR.

NEAR the town of Yocalla, the traveler is wont to pause occasionally in surprise before the outline of what appears to be a gigantic arch of solid stone that serves as a bridge.

Dwellers in the neighborhood are unacquainted with the legend of that curious structure, but the Indians, after many circumlocutions, explain it in the following manner:

At a very remote period, Hualpa, a masterful and enterprising youth, had conquered the will and won the affection of Chasca-ñauí, the only daughter of the *curaca*,¹ and the young people did not delay long in reaching so good an understanding that no sooner had the night fallen than the girl abandoned the paternal hut and turned her steps toward certain rocks near the torrent, where the youthful Indian awaited her, while practising simple melodies on his reed flute.

One night, the *curaca*, informed of what was going on, interrupted the idyl, and, angry with the gallant, he threw in his face his humble position and his audacious presumption in pretending to the hand of his daughter.

However, the tears of the daughter softened her father's heart, and after some days he went in search of Hualpa and he gave him the period of one year in which to educate himself and to become a *curaca* by acquiring a fortune.

The young man accepted the stipulation

of absenting himself from Yocalla, thinking the task would be easy.

In the meanwhile, the astute old man, holding that absence leads to forgetfulness, planned to marry Chasca-ñauí to the son of another *curaca* of the neighborhood.

Chasca-ñauí's love, however, was greater than her father believed it to be, and, although everything was prepared for the wedding, she waited silently for Hualpa to appear and keep his promised word.

The period fixed by the old man lacked only one day of expiring, and Hualpa had not appeared, and there had come no news of him.

Everything was already arranged for the sumptuous feast. From the houses of the two *curacas* arrived and were exchanged the most valuable gifts in honor of the cherished alliance.

Chasca-ñauí heard, remained silent and accepted with patience everything that was going on about her, but in the depths of her soul floated the sweet hope that all these preparations would serve to grace her union with the absent one.

Finally, the fateful night arrived, accompanied by an appalling storm of hail and sleet which, descending from the slopes of the mountains, inundated the valleys and the fields.

The current swept down the channel of the torrent immense boulders of stone that seemed to float upon the waters like light wood.

The terrifying noise, in the black darkness, was mingled with the roar of the

¹In Quechua, the Indian feudal lord.—THE EDITOR.

tempest, which burst on the heights as if intent upon cleaving the infinite vault of the heavens.

Chasca-ñauí was already despairing of her lover's coming, but he had arrived, at midnight, at the banks of the river Yocalla.

With the breaking of day would terminate the period during which Hualpa was to present himself to claim his bride; and he had no faith in their waiting for him even an hour after the fixed time should expire.

The stream carried down a greater and greater volume of water, and to attempt to swim across it would be equivalent to casting himself into the jaws of death.

To wait for the waters to subside would be to subject himself voluntarily to torture. Hualpa took several steps along the brink, in the most agonized desperation, without knowing what to decide. Suddenly, lifting his fists toward the heavens to burst into a formidable imprecation, he invoked the spirit of evil, called upon him who rules over storms, spoke to Supay-Chaca.

Supay, who was not far away, hastened quickly to the presence of the youth, stretching to him his arms from amid the ruddy folds of his mantle of fire.

Hualpa explained his longings and besought him to set him on the other bank of the torrent, as he had to go to claim his beloved.

"Unhappy one!" said Supay, "if I did

but touch thee with my hands of fire, the last moment of thy life would arrive . . . but, in exchange for thy soul, I am going to construct thee a bridge, before day shall break, with the stones of these mountains, in order that thou mayest reach the place where thy bride is and mayest conquer thy rival."

After agreeing to the compact, Hualpa sat down to wait, and the spirit of the caverns, amid startling noises, began to work, placing the great stones one upon another in the way they are to be found to-day.

When the day began to dawn, Supay had almost finished the bridge; but he lacked one huge stone that was to fit into the upper part of the opening between the rocks.

Hualpa, impatient, had no mind to wait, and he passed over with a leap; nor did he pause in his career until he found himself in the presence of Chasca-ñauí.

Supay could not stop him, because, as he is the spirit of the shadows, he had to flee the sun and hide himself in the caverns.

The *curaca* delivered his daughter to Hualpa, thus keeping his word, and the wedding was celebrated with great display.

Since then, no one has dared to insert in the great arch the stone it lacks, for this would complete the work of Supay and make him the possessor of Hualpa's soul.



HELLENIC MEDICINE

BY

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

The following address was prepared and delivered before a group of medical students in Buenos Aires. It will interest not only the physician, but also the classicist and the general reader, whether or not they agree with the author's assumption of the superiority of Greek thought and life over Christianity. The many-sided writer has given particular attention to the study and translation of the Homeric poems, and he enjoys no little reputation in the southern countries, both as an original writer and as a felicitous renderer of the Greek masterpieces in Spanish verse. While the investigation was applied to Hellenic medicine in general, it was mainly concerned with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.—THE EDITOR.

THE Centro de Estudiantes de Medicina offers me a pleasing opportunity to present to it my Hellenic propaganda, which strives, as is well known, for the spiritual relating of our country with the civilization of ancient Greece—called by antonomasia “pagansim”—because it is, in my opinion, not only more in harmony with our aspirations and tendencies, but incomparably superior to the Christian civilization whose sanguinary failure we have witnessed wherever it has dominated.

I thus hold that contemporary thought, in progressing freely, approximates that of antiquity as much as it departs ceaselessly from that of the middle ages, with the result that the latter seems to us to be more and more confused and remote. We understand Empedocles and Hippocrates much better than we do Raymond Lully and Paracelsus, although there was between the former two and the latter two a difference of almost twenty centuries; for what separates minds is not the materiality of time and space, but intellectual and moral character. (We have here a positive form of immortality that proves the existence of races, while at the same time defining their character.) Thus the Greco-Roman race must have purged with blood, for nearly fifteen centuries, the despotic infection with which it was inoculated simultaneously by oriental servilism and Germanic barbarity, and the synthetic expression of which is Christianity. We have just seen this profound historical reason manifested in the recent sinister alliance between pope, kaiser and sultan; but, at the same time as soon as we free our-

selves from the terrific obedience, that is, from master and devil, from militarism and hell, we again become the pagans that we always have been. We again have recourse to Hellenism and Latinity, states of harmonious ratiocination, progressive liberty, joyous life, cheerfulness and health; and, in order to recall the great stoic word, of friendship with mankind.

This is what I propose to prove by means of the following notes upon the medicine of ancient Greece: notes that I gathered, of course, from the works of the modern Hellenizing physicians, the noble list of which was headed by the illustrious name of Daremberg; but which may possess, for this reason, a relative novelty.

What stands out at once in the history of ancient Hellenic medicine is the slight importance of religion: a perfectly natural thing, on the other hand, considering the laicism of the race. Pagan civilization was ignorant of clericalism, and it always held the priesthood subject to the civil power. Thus popular superstitions were of slight importance. They originated with the families of the leeches, laic, in other respects, who transmitted hereditarily the art of curing, and who were the source of the great medical lines, such as the family of the Asclepiades, already legendary in the time of Homer. Aristotle, in turn, inherited from his father the medical science.

We all know that on our plains the art of the witch-like “medicine women,” and certain specialties, like that of the bone-setter or expert in fractures and luxations, are also commonly hereditary. Down to the middle of the nineteenth century,

there were in Albania families of popular doctors, among them being the celebrated family of the Zagori, which still exists perhaps. We have here—let me say in passing—the origin of the Spanish word *zabori*, or clairvoyant seer, which the dictionary of the Academy gives as Arabic; for, in effect, the “clinic eye” is in a sense a special predisposition.

Among the superstitions of which I have spoken, is one that also concerns us, because of its dual pathological and etymological origin: what our country doctor-esses call “mal de ora,” or “de aire”¹ by antonomasia, ascribing a curse as the cause of it at times. It corresponds, as is known, to apoplexy or hysterical paralysis. In the Greek of the same Albanian region, “Ore” is a female demon that causes evil eye; and in Rumanian the *oare-le* are “evil hours,” or the hours of illness, personified as demons. In classic Greek, the Fates were called Ὠραί. In poetic Italian, *ora*, is “air;” and it was so in old Spanish, from which is derived our verb *orear*,² but here the immediate origin is to be traced to the Latin *aura*, which we use directly, in another respect, in the expression *aura epileptica*. Our rural *ora*, which the dictionary of the language³ does not record, has therefore an origin as interesting as illustrious, the carrying of which, like that of the word *zabori*, I believe it discreet to attribute to the Gipsies.

Miraculous prestige was also enjoyed by the legendary physician, Asklepios or Æsculapius, a disciple of the centaur Chiron, canonized, or deified, as it was then styled, and declared thereby the patron of medicine. Hence in the ancient pagan hospitals there was a chapel dedicated to the worship of him, and his temples had sanatoriums annexed. Like the Christian Saint Roque, who was an exact copy of him, the Greeks Æsculapius was accompanied by a dog whose tongue had curious properties, like that of the dog of the saint just mentioned. The faithful slept in the temple of the god in order that he might diagnose their diseases in dreams:

¹Of air.—THE EDITOR.

²To air, to freshen up.—THE EDITOR.

³That of the Real Academia Española.—THE EDITOR.

a custom that the Christians preserved until the sixteenth century in churches consecrated to the Virgin.

It was precisely the classic Athens, which was the Virgin by antonomasia, that had among her advocations that of *Hygeia* or “health,” and that of *Sotera* or “savior” [feminine], who was the *Minerva Medica* of the Romans. To the former belonged the symbol, preserved until today, of the serpent drinking from a goblet; and it is pertinent to recall that these epithets figured in certain litanies to the Christian Virgin.

Let us remember—to terminate this but slightly interesting section—Iliithyia, the goddess that presided over the painful labors of parturition, and whom the ancients held to be the daughter of Hera or Juno, the advocate of matrimony. Homer, whom I have yet to cite, translating directly, recalls her in book XI of the *Iliad* in respect of the pains that attacked Agamemnon, wounded by Coön:

Then through the crowded ranks, with spear
and sword,
And massive stones, he held his furious course,
While the hot blood was welling from his arm;
But when the wound was dry, and stanching the
blood,
Keen anguish then Atrides' might subdued.
As when a woman in her labour-throes
Sharp pangs encompass, by Iliithyia sent,
Who rules o'er child-birth travail, e'en so keen
The pangs that then Atrides' might subdued.⁴

However, it is in the Homeric poems themselves that we find medicine praised as the laic profession exercised equally by the hero, “the shepherd of men or of peoples,” and “the popular workman” sung along with the diviner, the carpenter

⁴*Iliad*, book XI, verses 305-313.—Señor Lugones has devoted much attention to the translation of the Homeric poems into Spanish, and his versions of them are to be commended for their fidelity and their vigor and felicity of versification. Instead, however, of translating from his Spanish versions into English, we have made use of the earl of Derby's translation (New York, Charles Scribner and Company, 1865), for the citations from the *Iliad*, and of Bryant's translation (Boston, James R. Osgood and Company, 1872), for the passages taken from the *Odyssey*. In the passage given above, we have taken the liberty of substituting “Iliithyia,” where the earl of Derby used “Lucina,” both because it is Greek and because it serves to bring out the point of señor Lugones.—THE EDITOR.

and the poet: a juxtaposition that it pleases me greatly to recall in this fashion and at this moment. This was because the ancients—for whom happiness was a vital notion, and therefore everything that assured the normal development of life was to be regarded as good—considered medicine the first of all the sciences, because it preserved and defended the supreme blessing of health. An opinion that I make my own entirely.

The gods themselves had their physician: Pæan, whom Zeus ordered to cure Ares or Mars, wounded by Diomedes, for he shed much of the ichor or colorless serum that flowed from the veins of the immortals. This explains the comparison that closes the passage:

He said: and straight to Pæan gave command
To heal the wound; with soothing anodynes
He healed it quickly; soon as liquid milk
Is curdled by the fig-tree's juice, and turns
In whirling flakes, so soon was healed the
wound.⁵

This physician, it should be borne in mind, was not a god. In the first book of the *Iliad*, the priest of Apollo, Chryses, had malefic power to draw down from that god a plague upon the Greeks, and then to secure a respite by means of the hecatomb that they were counseled to sacrifice by the diviner Calchas, who also was favored by Apollo; but this constituted a religious episode, and not a cure, speaking properly.

On the other hand, the military physicians were laic. To begin with the most illustrious one, we have Machaon, who also commanded the troops from Tricca and who was therefore called in the poem, "shepherd of men" and "hero," the most exalted epithets being thus attached to the title of physician. We are to see that it was proper to do so, for Homer never applied adjectives in vain.

Two celebrated episodes glorified the science and courage of the physician.

In book IV of the *Iliad*, Menelaus had just fallen wounded by the treacherous arrow of Pandarus. They sent at once for the physician. The messenger found him in the camp of his command, and he

hastened to go to the place to which he was summoned. The wound was slight, because the arrow must penetrate, besides the shoulder-belt, the double defense of the cuirass and a protective band studded with bronze. The arrow remained fixed and erect. It had reached and wounded the thigh.⁶

The clasps and fastenings of the helmet had remained without; whereupon, no sooner had Machaon approached the hero than:

. . . . The sparkling belt
He loosened, and the doublet underneath,
And coat of mail, the work of arm'rer's hand.
But when the wound appeared in sight, where
struck
The stinging arrow, from the clotted blood
He cleansed it, and applied with skillful hand
The healing ointments, which, in friendly guise,
The learned Chiron to his father gave.⁷

The act of sucking the wound seems to indicate a fear that the arrow might have been poisoned.

The second episode belongs to book XI of the *Iliad*, when Machaon, in turn, fell wounded. This calamity determined the withdrawal of the Achæians or Danaï; which proves Machaon's great military importance. This book contains the celebration of the greatest achievements of the heroes:

Yet had the Greeks e'en so their ground main-
tained,
But god-like Paris, fair-haired Helen's lord,
Through the right shoulder, with a three barbed
shaft,
As in the front he fought, Machaon quelled;
For him the warrior Greeks were so afraid
Lest he, as back the line of battle rolled,
Might to the foe be left; to Nestor then
Idomeneus addressed his speech, and said:
"O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
Haste thee to mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon; toward the vessels urge with speed
The flying steeds; worth many a life is his,
The skilful leech, who knows, with practised
hand,
T'extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply."
He said: Gerenian Nestor at the word
Mounted his car, Machaon at his side,

⁶For the best study of the Homeric weapons, see Thomas D. Seymour's *Life in the Homeric Age*, chapter XIX.

⁷*Iliad*, book IV, verses 252-259.—THE EDITOR.

⁵*Iliad*, book V, verses 1025-1029.—THE EDITOR.

The skilful leech, sage Æsculapius' son:
He touched his horses; tow'rd the Grecian ships,
As was his purpose, nothing loath, they flew.⁸

In those remote times, the family of the Asclepiades was probably the most famous one, and hence its legendary generalization, first of all, and then the subsequent deification of its illustrious line. For it will already have been noted that Homer did not designate Æsculapius otherwise than as a "physician of great learning." Daremberg, in discussing the point, believed that, according to the Homeric texts, "laic medicine is historically more ancient than sacerdotal medicine."⁹ In the Hippocratic deontology, the existence of medical families of an equally laic character, is expressly recognized. "I promise to communicate to my sons all my wisdom and doctrine," ran the famous oath. The profession was so noble that in Athens slaves were forbidden to exercise it.

The medieval church practised medicine through its monks and clergymen, the only people that knew how to read then; so that medicine soon became a crude magic, and it would have perished, perhaps, if it had not been for the Mussulman universities of Spain, where, precisely, Greek science was reborn. The Jews and Arabs were unquestionably the saviors of the culture of the occident.

From the most remote antiquity, there were in Greece public hospitals and private sanatoriums like ours, the former being institutions for social aid, at times connected with worship. More than four hundred years before Christ, we find the mention of a hospital, which was in turn a thermal and a maritime station. It was dedicated to Pæan, the physician of the gods. This fact, according to Daremberg, permits us to conjecture that it was laic.

The enormous and famous public sanatorium at Epidaurus, placed under the advocacy of Asklepios [Æsculapius], as some of our hospitals are under Saint Roque's, was at one and the same time a sanctuary and a laic establishment. It is to the point to recall that in classic anti-

quity the administration of worship pertained to the civil authority, inasmuch as the commemorative worship of a benefactor, like that of Asklepios, did not impose any dogma or mystery, since they were mere expressions of gratitude.

Constructed with great pomp, this institution was a marvel of convenience and beauty. The thermal piscina, which gave it its chief fame and which had a diameter of sixteen meters, was surrounded by colonnades of porphyry and magnificent halls of marble. The immense gardens contained, as reproductions or originals, the best sculptures of antiquity. A theater capable of holding five thousand spectators was maintained. Every patient had his separate room, above courts adorned with gardens and playing fountains; and the maternity, which was founded by the emperor Antoninus Pius, with equally grandiose proportions, had the same arrangement. There was, besides the theater, an edifice whose magnitude may be inferred by noting that in it were celebrated, every five years, the Isthmian games, at which gathered all Greece. So also were held there important musical and literary contests, for, according to the ancients, the care of the health was the greatest personal and public duty. Hence, never since those days, has there been a sanitary institution like the Asklepion. Merely to mention that the service there was gratuitous defines the conception that the ancients had of the good of the people. Recreation, gymnasiums and baths attained such magnitude and splendor in their installations, because, as public treatment was essentially preventive among the pagans, their hygiene consisted in the application of these three elements. On the other hand, the gratuitous character of the resources indispensable to life, and, of course, food, constituted a social duty to the poor, recognized by custom and by law.

The reverse of Christianity, that system prevented misfortune instead of limiting itself to succoring it: another modern aspiration that takes us back to the pagans. On the other hand, the church proclaimed a depressing sadness as the highest state, and it considered cleanliness a sin. In his

⁸*Iliad*, book XI, verses 580-598.—THE EDITOR.

⁹*État de la médecine entre Homère et Hippocrate*, page 58, note.

famous letter to Laeta regarding the instruction of the youthful Paula, Saint Jerome taught that Christian maidens should never bathe; and abstention from bathing throughout the whole life is a monastic vow to which certain cloistral orders still adhere. As to sports, the middle ages did not recognize any except tournaments: a veritable continuation of the sanguinary games of the Roman circus.

We shall now examine what had to do with the surgical and pharmaceutical equipment of the ancient health institutions. Let me add, in passing, that all the cities, and even the villages, had municipal physicians, with fixed salaries, who formed in each of them local boards of health. In case of epidemics, physicians of other cities were summoned under contract, as (to begin with the most famous allusion) Agrigentum did with Empedocles, by naming him chief of her sanitary service. Athens did the same with Acron, a contemporary and perhaps a disciple of Empedocles, and with our father Hippocrates. Sparta did the same with Thaletas of Gortyna. These customs still persist in certain islands of the Grecian archipelago, and to them Eumæus referred in the *Odyssey*:

. . . . What man goes ever forth
To bid a stranger to his house, unless
The stranger be of those whose office is
To serve the people, be he seer or leech
Or architect, or poet heaven-inspired,
Whose song is gladly heard? . . .¹⁰

Let it be observed that the seer was distinguished from the physician, which relieves the profession of all idea of magic.

All this presupposes, naturally, the public hospital, whose conditions of location, ventilation, illumination, general equipment, hydrotherapy and endowment have been described by Hippocrates and Galen. We know that they had operating rooms, an attached pharmacy and, not infrequently, a botanical garden for the study and cultivation of simples, as in the stupendous Serapeum of Alexandria. Military sanitation on land and water was perfectly organized. Xenophon relates

that when the Greeks, on the fifth day after their departure from Mespila, camped in certain villages, a sanitary service "was established, with eight physicians, because the wounded were numerous."¹¹ The Romans, disciples of the Greeks in medicine, possessed a complete military sanitation, which comprised a garrison hospital for their sick, stretcher ambulances for the transportation of the seriously wounded, knock-down operating hospitals and graduate medical corps.

Surgical equipment was already quite profuse, and physicians prior to Hippocrates employed different kinds of probes, cauteries, trepans, forceps, inspectional apparatus and internal fumigation, well understood by practical experts. The Alexandrian physician Ammonius had invented an instrument to pulverize vesicle calculi in the organ itself; and Amyntas of Rhodes, another to correct nasal fractures. Ophthalmology, as well as orthopedic and dental prosthesis, are worthy of special mention because of their advanced state.

Besides their private consulting rooms physicians were wont to establish private sanatoriums where the patient could be treated and where he might convalesce: an institution as old as the municipal hospitals and one that revealed in itself a high degree of medical enlightenment. This equipment had, naturally, as an annex, an operating room, a pharmacy and a laboratory. There were, however, purely commercial pharmacies, which added, as now, the branch of perfumery. We know also that the medical bibliography was abundant, which is presumptive evidence of good libraries. The celebrated library at Alexandria was maintained in the same edifice as the Serapeum or public hospital. In the Asclepian of Epidaurus there was also a magnificent library. The physicians accepted consultations by correspondence from long distances—an indication that there existed a good postal service—and they gave instruction in their sanatoriums to their students, who were thus provided with clinic and practice in abundance.

From the honoraria or salaries of the physicians, we can also infer the consideration in which they were held.

¹⁰*Odyssey*, book XVII, verses 461-466.—THE EDITOR.

¹¹*Anabasis*, book III, paragraph 4.

Five hundred and fifty years before Christ, Democedes of Crotona obtained by competitive examination the position of municipal physician of Ægina, a city that assigned him a salary equivalent to some three hundred and fifty *pesos*¹² a month. He then went to Athens, which offered him four hundred and fifty, and finally to Samos, where the tyrant Polycrates assured him of seven hundred.¹³ Erasistratus, a grandson of Aristotle, received a sum equivalent to two hundred and fifty thousand *pesos* for the cure of King Antiochus, according to Pliny, who, in book XXIX of his *Natural History*, where he presented many interesting data regarding the medical honoraria of his times, said that medicine was the most lucrative of all the Roman professions.

Teaching, generally received in the private clinics, where the student paid according to his ability, by means of a stipend fixed with the teacher in each case, was based, above all, on a lofty moral conception, which was developed everywhere and which summed up in the memorable oath of the school the Hippocratic teaching. "To venerate and to assist the teacher as one would his father; to care for patients with the greatest concern; to refuse all criminal or suspicious complicity, even on the ground of consultation; to preserve professional secrets inviolably; to respect every colleague's speciality; to cultivate discretion; to lead a life as austere and—to express it in the very words—"pure and holy as my art:" behold, the formula in virtue of which Asklepios stood out as a demigod and Machaon as a general in the *Iliad*!

As to the learning of those teachers, it will be sufficient for me to recall the magnificent introduction of Littré to the medical teaching of Hippocrates.

His method, he says, was experimental. His philosophy was based on the relation of the functions of the living body, and of it with its environment. He comprehended the impotency and emptiness of hypothesis,

¹²The author calculates in terms comprehensible by his hearers. The Argentine *peso*, paper currency, normally worth from forty-two to forty-five cents, is at present worth about thirty-two cents.—THE EDITOR.

¹³Herodotus, III, 125, 131.

and thus he could proclaim that there existed for the progress of science only one certain road: that of reasoning based on experience.

In the main a hygienist, like every great physician of antiquity, he formulated theories in respect of the influence of climate and soil and of the action of potable waters. To him belongs the honor of uttering for the first time, as far as I know, this very profound historico-social consideration: "Man is the product of the earth where he was born."

The science of the ancient sociologist and historian was, indeed, closely related to that of medicine. Thus Herodotus tells us that the furious madness of King Cleomenes was not a delirium inspired by the gods, but an attack of alcoholism. In the middle ages, the demented person was supposed to be possessed of the devil.

I have already said that Aristotle was a physician. I may add that Nicomachus, his father, was also one, and I have cited another physician, a grandson of his. It was a case then of a medical family, and it is not necessary to insist on the significance of what this involves for the profession in the realm of human wisdom. That grandson, Erasistratus, was in turn the trunk of the family of the Erasistratoi, celebrated teachers for almost a century. He was chiefly an anatomist, and he is mentioned because he dissected the heart, the valves of which he described and demonstrated with precision.

The teaching, however, of the private clinic, did not exclude that of the state.

The government, on the contrary, supplied it with the generosity of which the university at Alexandria was a pattern.

Ptolemy Philadelphus II cultivated physics and medicine; he dissected in the amphitheater as a means of demonstration; and he wrote on *materia medica*.

Under the impulse of these Greek monarchs, progress was both great and rapid. Specialities were necessary. Coridamus and Hermogenes treated of hydrophobia; Heraclides of Tarentum, of medical botany; Ammonius and Sostratus, of the surgery of the urinary passages: all in the clinic and in the botanical and zoological garden annexed to the university. Her-

ophilus and the already mentioned Erasistratus specialized in cerebral anatomy, associated the degree of intelligence with the convolutions of the brain, discovered and classified the nerves as sensory and motor, and initiated gynecology. Praxagoras of Cos already held the brain to be an expansion of the medulla.

Materia medica demands special mention. Cratinus, it was, that organized materia medica under Ptolemy VIII by instituting herbaria and classification, and reproduction in colored figures for study texts. Dioscorides, his pupil and admirer, perfected this branch of science in such a manner that the whole world was to study him for fifteen hundred years.

However, the full measure of the progress attained may be shown to be still more significant.

It is to be seen in the existence, also from a very remote antiquity, of a woman that practised medicine publicly or as a graduate and who was distinguished from the midwives, called *μαῖαι* or *ἁγεσσιπῖδες* they being called *ἰατρίναι*: that is, "doctoresses."

Inscriptions and citations from ancient authors enable us to recall the name of Antiochis of Tlos and of Aurelia Alexandra, as well as a whole medical bibliography relating to gynecology, ophthalmology, diseases of the skin, tocology, therapeutics, pharmacy, the authoresses of which were Salpe, Lais, Elephantis, Aspasia and Metrodora. Some of these doctoresses had, in addition to their consultation rooms, maternity houses for the treatment of pregnant and puerperal women. It would be superfluous to add that the same occurred in Rome, a faithful disciple of Greek science.

Like the heroes and demigods dedicated to medicine, the legendary doctoresses had as ancestors Chiron, and Hercules the disciple of the centaur. So were the learned Hippa and the wise Ociroe, the daughter and stepdaughter and disciples of Chiron; so was Epione, the daughter and pupil of Hercules and the wife of Asklepios [Æsculapius]. This marriage resulted in five daughters, all famous physicians: Helen, the beautiful and ill-fated Argive, who had a knowledge of medicine that was celebrated in the

Odyssey. When Menelaus and Telemachus became saddened at the banquet by evoking common recollections, she rendered the wine soothing to them by adding some anesthetic and cheering drug like opium:

. . . . But Helen, Jove-born dame,
Had other thoughts, and with the wine they drank
Mingled a drug, an antidote to grief
And anger, bringing quick forgetfulness
Of all life's evils. Whoso drinks, when once
It is infused and in the cup, that day
Shall never wet his cheeks with tears, although
His father and his mother lie in death,
Nor though his brother or beloved son
Fall butchered by the sword before his eyes.¹⁴

The unfortunate rival, Oenone, the wife of Paris, also possessed similar secrets: a proof that household medicine had a place in the common education of ladies in ancient times. The legend narrated that although, as in the early days, women were prohibited from practising medicine, an enterprising young woman, Agnodice, disguised herself as a man in order to be able to witness the medical clinic of Herophilus, thus acquiring the secrets of the science.

However, not only was the similarity of the ideas of that period to ours curious in this respect precisely in proportion to the greatness of their antiquity.

Four hundred and fifty years before Christ, Empedocles described the appearance of the first living beings on the earth as monstrous formless things, of which those alone prospered that by obeying the law of inner harmony or correlation of growth became capable of living and reproducing themselves. "Who does not recognize in this," says Gomperz,¹⁵ "the Darwinian idea of the survival of the fittest?"

It is equally easy to note, in the four fundamental elements of the same ancient philosopher and physician, the carbon (earth), hydrogen (water), oxygen (fire) and nitrogen (air) of our science, which is the theory of these four elements. According to Empedocles, the diversely proportionate

¹⁴*Odyssey*, book IV, verses 285-294.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁵*Griechische denker*, French translation, volume I, page 260.

combination of these elements engendered all bodies, since they are the quadruple manifestation of the same substance. So the painter, he added, revealing by this comparison new knowledge of physics, obtained innumerable tones and shades by merely mingling the four fundamental colors. Disease then was to him a phenomenon of disproportion between the elements of the organism. That these theories were not accidentally guessed is confirmed by such facts as the very significant one that Empedocles should know that light is not propagated instantaneously: a truth rediscovered only in 1675 by the Danish astronomer Römer, by means of the observation of the satellites of Jupiter.

Yet Empedocles himself came, by way of the school, from the Pythagorean physician Alcmaeon, who lived in the sixth century before Christ. This very early sage had already conceived of objective sensations, a fundamental psychological problem; and what is more important, he had reached the conclusion that, since health is a state of organic equilibrium, diseases have as their cause the predominance of one of the components of this equilibrium. As these components were arranged, as a general thing, in opposing pairs, the re-establishment of the equilibrium, that is, the cure, would consist in neutralizing the predominance of one of them by the other. Hence these ancients already knew that a bath was good for fever: a rational notion lost after many centuries.

To conclude this rapid outline with certain Homeric verses that will entertain and compensate us, I hope, in spite of my defective version, I give five examples, which are sufficient, in my opinion, to enable you to appreciate the knowledge of anatomy possessed by the poet of the *Iliad*, as revealed in them.

The first four are taken from book V of this poem, which the critics hold to be one of the oldest and most genuine sections, that is, also one of the most important for my thesis. The candid epic rudeness of expression possesses, as will be seen, anatomical accuracy; for we do not deal here with the beauties of rhetoric, but with war in all its brutal horror.

Meriones pursues Phereclus, lance in hand, until he overtakes him, and then he:

. Thrust his lance
Through his right flank; beneath the bone was
driven
The spear, and pierced him through: prone on
his knees,
Groaning, he fell, and death his eyelids closed.¹⁶

Such was, in effect, the direction that the terrible lance must have taken, if Meriones hurled it with the arm extended downward, as is indicated, besides, by the location of the wound itself; and such the bending of the knees in the writhings of the pain that obliged him to fall on his knees.

One of the Antenorides dies at the hand of Phyleus, who this time hurls the lance with his arm uplifted, as may be also inferred from the position of the stroke:

. But by Theano reared
With tender care, and nurtured as her son,
With her own children, for her husband's sake.
Him, Phyleus' warrior son,¹⁷ approaching near,
Thrust through the junction of the head and
neck;
Crashed through his teeth th' spear beneath the
tongue;
Prone in the dust he gnashed the brazen point.¹⁷

The line of pressure was such that it passed through the points of least resistance. Indeed, as the pike was driven home with a slight slant from above downward, it must have entered directly through the occipital opening, thus breaking the only bony obstacle that the weak bazilar apophysis presented, in order to cleave the pharynx and the tongue and pass through the cavity of the mouth.

Farther on, Diomedes, facing Æneas and Pandarus, who were attacking from the war chariot, replied by a throw of a well aimed javelin to the one with which the latter of these heroes had just missed him. In order thoroughly to understand the blow and the course of the javelin, it is well to remember that it was a hurled lance with a heavy bronze point and that it was thrown with an elevated range, so that it wounded while falling vertically.

¹⁶*Iliad*, book V, verses 74-78.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁷*Iliad*, book V, verses 80-86.—THE EDITOR.

The Trojan had been vaunting his own skill, but Diomedes undeceived him:

To whom, unmoved, the valiant Diomed:
"Thine aim has failed, I am not touched; and now

I deem we part not hence till one of you
Glut with his blood th' insatiate lord of war."
He said: the spear, by Pallas guided, struck
Beside the nostril, underneath the eye;
Crashed through the teeth, and cutting through
the tongue
Beneath the angle of the jaw came forth.¹⁸

It was a question indeed of another way of penetrating by the point of least resistance. The javelin passed easily through the fragile unguis of the ethmoid bones, the oral cavity, the tongue and the throat, but the precision was such that even if it had slanted a little, thus touching the sphenoid, the latter would have caused it to glance forward.

Let us hear how the combat proceeded:

Down from the car he fell; and loudly rang
His glitt'ring arms: aside the startled steeds
Sprang devious: from his limbs the spirit fled.
Down leaped Æneas, spear and shield in hand,
Against the Greeks to guard the valiant dead;
And like a lion, fearless in his strength,
Around the corpse he stalked, this way and that,
His spear and buckler round before him held,
To all who dared approach him threatening death,
With fearful shouts; a rocky fragment then
Tydides lifted up, a mighty mass,
Which scarce two men could raise, as men are now:
But he, unaided, lifted it with ease,
With this he smote Æneas near the groin,
Where the thigh-bone, inserted in the hip,
Turns in the socket-joint; the rugged mass
The socket crushed, and both the tendons broke,
And tore away the flesh: down on his knees,
Yet resting on his hand, the hero fell;
And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread.¹⁹

We still apply the name of cotyloid²⁰ to the cavity mentioned, making use of the specific Greek word; but the precision of the blow, of the contused region and of the

fall and fainting, pale before the anatomical exactitude. The two "tendons" correspond in truth to the double outer branch of the Bertin ligament, the rupture of which would necessarily have produced the dislocation of the hip.

Finally, Homer was not ignorant of the tumultuous quiver of the wounded heart, if death did not follow instantly, and the communication of it to the weapons that were thrust into it.

So, in book XIII, Idomeneus laid Alcathoüs low with a dart that the poet calls by antonomasia Ares or Mars, as elsewhere he had denominated the fire "wasting."²¹

He fell; the spear point quivering in his heart,
Which with convulsive throbbings shook the shaft.

There Mars its course arrested. . . .²²

For a thousand years the teaching of anatomy was prohibited by the Christian church, under ban of excommunication, torture and the fagot.

Let me utter now the final word, and let it be, as is just, for "sweet death," as the eternal rest is called in the Homeric poetry, in one of the most beautiful passages of the *Odyssey*, that of book XI, in which the soul of the seer Tiresias prophesies to Ulysses his natural transition, qualifying it with the peaceful adjective that the ancients applied to death; or health cultivated by hygiene and the palestrum, the joy of living and philosophical serenity assured to the ancient Greek, as a gift of his race, a glorious old age. Greece was the land of lucid and beautiful old people, who, laden with the flower of wisdom, entered into the supreme perfection, just as the apple-tree flowers most abundantly during its last spring.

The seer prophesies for us also, as the allegorical words reveal, in the purposes that we undertake to accomplish and the

¹⁸*Iliad*, book II, verses 524-525.—The author gives the reference as book II, verse 426. We have had to change all the references, as his translation does not run parallel with the earl of Derby's. The only verses that seem to meet the author's description are 524 and 525, thus translated by the earl of Derby:

"As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,
Seizes the blazing woods. . . ."

—THE EDITOR.

²²*Iliad*, book XIII, verses 498-500.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁹*Iliad*, book V, verses 329-336.—THE EDITOR.

²⁰*Iliad*, book V, verses 337-356.—THE EDITOR.

²¹The author uses the word *cotylo* (correctly *colilo*), "cotyloid," in verses 352 and 353, where the earl of Derby translated the Greek *κοτύλη* by "socket-joint" and "socket."—THE EDITOR.

sordid interests that disorder our souls; in the distant retirement of the sea and the tranquillity of harmonious days; in the salacious and brutal beasts that we immolate to the gods; and in passions dominated by concord and fidelity.

We have here what the seer said to Ulysses:

And thou, if thou escape it, wilt return
Late to thy country, all thy comrades lost,
And in a foreign bark, and thou shalt find
Wrong in thy household—arrogant men who
waste

Thy substance, wooers of thy noble wife,
And offering bridal gifts. On thy return
Thou shalt avenge thee of their violent deeds;
And when thou shalt have slain them in thy
halls,

Whether by stratagem or by the sword
In open fight, then take a shapely oar
And journey on, until thou meet with men
Who have not known the sea nor eaten food
Seasoned with salt, nor ever have beheld

Galleys with crimson prows, nor shapely oars,
Which are the wings of ships. I will declare
A sign by which to know them, nor canst thou
Mistake it. When a traveler, meeting thee,
Shalt say that thou dost bear a winnowing-fan
Upon thy sturdy shoulder, stop and plant
Thy shapely oar upright in earth, and there
Pay to King Neptune solemn sacrifice—
A ram, a bull, and from his herd of swine
A boar. And then returning to thy home,
See that thou offer hallowed hecatombs
To all the ever-living ones who dwell
In the broad heaven, to each in order due.
So at the last they death shall come to thee
Far from the sea, and gently take thee off
In a serene old age that ends among
A happy people. . . .²³

So be it, gentlemen; and thus may the noble science of health, which stood by us at birth, assure us a good death, that is, the last blessing that we shall enjoy in this world.

²³*Odyssey*, book XI, verses 140-169.—THE EDITOR.

A FATHER'S DECALOGUE

I. Thou shalt found a family in love, support it by thy labor and rule it with kindly vigor.

II. Thou shalt be prudent in thy business and lavish in thy teaching.

III. Thou shalt depend upon thy wife as thy daily moral stay, seeking from her consolation, and not neglecting her counsels.

IV. Thou shalt drive away by persuasion every domestic wrong and all prejudice and all disorder that shall appear within thy house.

V. Thou shalt ever seek to maintain a *superavit* in affection and in worldly goods.

VI. See to it that, within the family circle, thy sons shall behold in thee, as

children, a force that protects; as youths an intelligence that guides; as men, a friend that counsels.

VII. Never be guilty of the folly of setting the authority of the mother and that of the father at odds with each other.

VIII. See to it that thy children shall learn how to bear up under the ills and iniquities of life.

IX. Thou shalt study thoroughly the aptitudes of thy children; without telling them that they can be more than thou art, put them silently in the way to be so.

X. Use all diligence to make thy children both strong in body and sound in mind; and make them "good" rather than "knowing." — From *Pringles*, Coronel Pringles, Argentina, August 1, 1920.



BRAINS AND BULK

BY

ÁNGEL L. SOJO

At last a word of comfort for those that are said to be loved by nobody! A gatherer of curious lore presents here a study in adipose, applied to the great, throughout the ages, which redounds very decidedly to the glory of the illustrious protagonists brought under scrutiny.—THE EDITOR.

THERE are two kinds of fat people: those that are genuinely fat, and those that become fat. In the case of the former, fat predominates; in that of the latter, man predominates. The latter are persons of broad shoulders and deep chests, with a good stomach and excellent flesh, but they are far from seeming, like the others, walking stomachs; they have their weight perfectly distributed over the whole body, and their fatness does not reach the point of dominating their intelligence.

To this latter type belong all the fat people that have achieved celebrity, whose number reaches a respectable figure.

The presidents of the United States seem to have had a mind to increase this number.

Cleveland, who weighed the trifle of a hundred and seven kilograms; Roosevelt himself; and, above all, Taft, may be deemed more than respectably fat, and the same might be said of Sherman [*sic*!]¹.

A German—Professor Bertholdt—asserted that the world owes more to the fat than to the thin, that obesity is one of the great blessings that Providence bestows upon men, and that it is always accompanied by perseverance, cheerfulness and virtue. “Bad for us,” added the German professor, “would be the day in which we Germans should change into a lean race, like some of our neighbors.”

Spain is not behind in this respect. Without speaking of Sancho el Craso,² who had to put himself in the hands of some Italian physicians that they might cure him of his obesity, and passing also over Queen Isabel II, we could cite a hundred examples.

“Pope Borgia,” Alexander VI, was of Spanish origin, and he was colossally fat.

In politics have shone don Nicolás María Rivero, Villaverde, Martos and Castelar. The last named was ridiculed for his fatness by certain political journals with no little coarseness. There were not wanting among the generals one or two that might easily be picked out for their plumpness; and among writers, Ayala and Campoamor brought to naught the legendary reference to the lean and pallid poet.

In support of the theory of the German professor is the figure of Napoleon I, the fattest of the great warriors of history. All the Bonapartes began by being thin and bony, to end by becoming fat before the age of thirty. The pictures that represent Napoleon on the island of Saint Helena show us that repose caused him to grow even fatter, to the point of imparting immense proportions to his stomach; but without this adipose growth in any way influencing his brain.

Almost all the kings of the house of Bourbon, especially those of the French line, were fat. Louis XVI was already worthy to figure among the obese, although it is fair to question whether the painters of the period did not exaggerate a little. England has also had her well rounded monarchs, and among others, the best equipped of all in respect of stomach, Henry VIII, who, at the age of twenty, was already notable for his fatness, which was one of the causes of his death. It is said that this monarch was excessively gluttonous, which may somewhat explain his absolute lack of shapeliness. Another fat British king was George III, constantly preoccupied with the increase of his waistline, which served as an obstacle to his elegance. Edward VII had some claims to be included in this list, but, really, in

¹The author evidently included a vice-president for good measure.—THE EDITOR.

²Sancho II, called *el Craso*, “the Fat.”—THE EDITOR.

our times no sovereign has been able to compete in girth with the unfortunate Dom Carlos of Portugal.

To those that believe a fat man to be a piece of lard that neither knows nor understands anything, could be offered the cases of Dumas, Renan and Balzac. The last of these wrote once to a friend that a Russian* a translator of his works, had come to Paris to visit him, and that he had stood stupefied at embracing that mass of flesh and fat, instead of the shapely and elegant writer that he had expected to meet. The English historian Gibbon was also exaggeratedly fat. Very well known is the history of his amorous declaration to a lady, which he made on his knees, and after which the aid of a good number of servants was necessary to enable him to recover from that position.

England seems to have been the country of illustrious fat men. In the same period as that of George III, who subjected himself to a special regimen to make himself thin, fame was won by the great lexicographer Johnson, one of the fattest men of his times. The uncle of the monarch just

mentioned, the Duke of Cumberland, weighed more than a hundred and twenty kilograms.

One of the fattest painters was the half English Alma Tadema. Rubens also was stout and, as a rarity, he liked buxom women. This explains, doubtless, why almost all the figures of his paintings are fat.

As to the musical art, Bach and Handel could not be considered slender by a good deal.

An English impresario has said that to be fat constitutes a part of a tenor's career. In the glorious times of the grand *zarzuela*,³ it was unthinkable that a tenor should sing the part of the czar in *Catalina*, or of the soldier in *El juramento*, if he did not appear on the stage well endowed with fat; and it is not necessary to cite names in order to refresh the minds of some of our readers. As to opera and *zarzuela* sopranos we say nothing; hardly one of them is slender. It might be said that music fattens.

³A sort of comic opera, with alternate declamation, song and instrumental music.—THE EDITOR.



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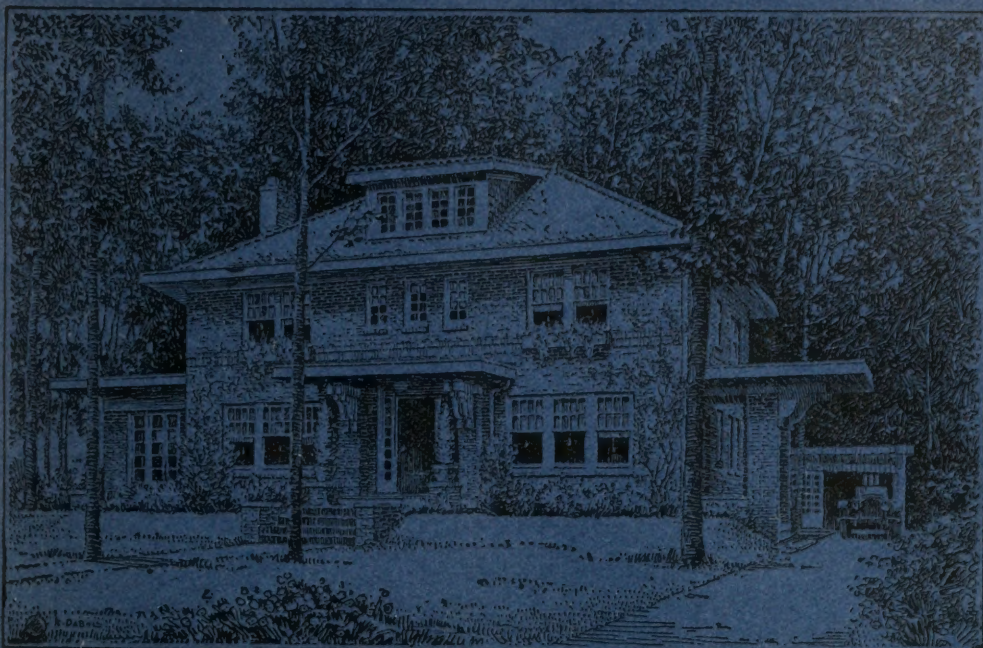
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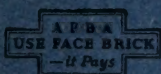




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